BLAIR FRASER ASKS:

What would free trade with Britain mean?

COVER BY REX WOODS
In the Museum of Natural History, Regina

The streets of Canada: Montreal's Sherbrooke

A BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL TEAM FOR CANADA?

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 1 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- A big new rodeo as small shows fight to live
- National merger likely for YM and YWCAs
- Coming: "biggest story in Canadian publishing"

THE WEST IS TEAMING UP TO SELL EASTERN CANADA and the U S with tourist propaganda B C Alta and Sask have drawn up plans for a combined budget and information bureau to draw tourists Manitoba favors the scheme and is expected to join "We've had the country bumpkin tag on us too long," says Sask Travel Information Minister **Russ Brown**. "People think of New Brunswick, for instance, as a land of forests, trees and streams The fact is you could lose all of N B in Saskatchewan's forest area"

THE ODDS ARE RIDING HIGH that the Calgary Stampede will get big time rodeo competition from Winnipeg by 1959 Dickering for a '58 rodeo seems to have fallen through, but an indoor show to be run by ex bronc busting champion **Herman Linder** and backed by local service clubs is "almost sure" to start in '59 Meanwhile the west's small town rodeos, hit by the big purses cowboys are demanding and unable to jazz up their shows with clowns racing stage-shows and trick events are on the wane ←Mourns **Marty Wood** of Calgary, Stampede saddle bronc champion last year and runner up for the world championship "We're getting worried about the future of this business"

MANOEUVRING FOR CANDIDATES WITH POLITICAL MUSCLE for the next election is starting early If PC efforts to line up Toronto publisher **John Bassett** are a good indication Diefenbaker has called on Bassett personally, an Ottawa newspaper said he'd run But Bassett assured Maclean's "I've got too much on my platter right now I definitely will not run this time"

THE "Y" IS MOVING INTO THE "TOGETHERNESS" CAMP Younger members of the YMCA and the YWCA pointing at 15 small city Ys that have amalgamated in joint YM-YWCAs in Canada since the war, believe that within the next ten years the two national associations will merge Older hands particularly in the YWCA are resisting "A national merger would remove the best guarantee that women could continue to develop as administrators and organizers," says YW national secretary **Agnes Roy.** But **Clifford Sebell,** director of the world's first merged Y (at Windsor in 1924) says "It's been a success It's sure to come nationally"

SALMON WILL SWARM THE PACIFIC COAST this year in the greatest run since 1913—if the fish don't cross up the experts the way they did in 1950 That year fisheries department officials said the salmon would be thick enough to walk on The catch was smaller than average This year the prediction is for "10 million or more sockeye on the Fraser River system," against 3 million in '57

WHO WAS WHO IN CANADA, often a tough question to answer without long and laborious research, will become as easy to find out as it is of dead Britons whose biographies are at anyone's hand in 66 thick volumes A Canadian Dictionary of National Biography in about 20 volumes (there's a slim two volume book available now) will be published by the University of Toronto Press which describes it as "the biggest story in the history of Canadian publishing" The late **James Nicholson,** a Toronto millionaire, set up the project with a trust now worth "well over a million dollars" It will get under way when the will's conditions have been met

WHEN THE SEAWAY IS FINISHED, expect the drums to start beating for a new canal This one, a Seaway offshoot along the **Richelieu River** through Lake Champlain and the Champlain Canal to the Hudson River and New York City, cutting 1,200 miles off the sea distance from Montreal to New York A portent **Premier Duplessis,** in opening a new bridge over the Richelieu recently, noted it was built to clear canal traffic.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 1 1958

WATCH FOR A RISING MEMBER OF THE EATON DYNASTY MATRON'S CABINET BID / A STORMY STORY

Jack Eaton *Nan Murphy*

MAN TO WATCH: J W (Jack) Eaton 45 fastest rising member of the merchandising family and strongest candidate in sight to succeed T Eaton Co president (since 1942) **John David Eaton** The family connection's distant Jack's father R Y Eaton was a cousin of John David's father, former company president Sir John But Jack has climbed fast Ten years ago he was merchandising manager of the furniture department in Montreal now he's assistant general manager

WOMAN TO WATCH Housewife **Nan Murphy,** former chairman of the Winnipeg School Board executive member of the Manitoba school trustees association and best bet to become the province's first woman cabinet minister She's been nominated in a Winnipeg constituency; when it was suggested she be guaranteed the cabinet post if she and the party won she was run ragged by phone calls (about 20 an hour) from people backing her bid

BOOK TO WATCH Early this spring **Independent Man** by Harry Barnard will recreate the stormy era of the industrial maharajahs in Canada and the U S The title figure **James Couzens,** was **Henry Ford's** Canadian partner later a U S senator always one of the most controversial figures of a tumultuous era When he "retired" with $30 million then stood the Coolidge administration on its ear by demanding higher taxes on the very rich

CULTURE MONEY Who'll get it and how much?

AS THE CANADA COUNCIL headed into its first full year of operation Chairman Brooke Claxton and his twenty fellow members were still far from decided which way the hottest of their hot potatoes — *who gets the money?*—is ultimately going to bounce.

Claxton spent the first weekend of '57 at Kingston Ont. asking for advice from about forty of the country's leading friends of and practitioners in the arts—people like conductor Sir Ernest MacMillan opera singer Raoul Jobin, choreographer Gweneth Lloyd painter Alexander Colville writer Robertson Davies and Claude Bissell president-designate of the University of Toronto He got no agreement and no formal recommendations—and expected none

But he didn't lack for suggestions about the broad lines on which the $2 500,000 available for grants in '58 in the arts social sciences and humanities can best be spent One had already been adopted to allow successful applicants for the $4 000 a year senior fellowships to do their studying inside Canada not necessarily abroad Another if not yet official policy, will remain the general practice to give preference to established theatre drama and dance companies over untried groups

Knottiest decisions may be in the making of awards to individuals whether to give preference to people who have sizable accomplishments or to hungry but promising unknowns.

Our small group of guest-counsellors maintained part of the money should be used toward really fat — though occasional—prizes to artists of exceptional achievement Give a painter or a writer a thousand dollars of state aid in this materialistic age the argument went and he becomes an object of pity Give him fifteen or twenty-five thousand dollars and he becomes a national hero somebody to emulate and therefore a wellspring for better painters and writers in the future Mr Claxton promised gravely to think it over

BIG-LEAGUE BALL How we may get it — sometime

HARDLY A WEEK GOES BY that somebody doesn't turn up in Toronto or Montreal or occasionally Vancouver with blueprints for a major league baseball stadium With four big league shifts in the last three years, the notion has grown that all a city really needs to attract a big-league team is a stadium that can seat 35 000-odd people

Jack Cooke a publisher and radio station owner who operates Toronto's International League Maple Leafs, has led sporadic (and largely vocal) efforts to land a big league franchise in Toronto He and newspaper publisher John Bassett a director of the Toronto Argonaut Football Club head a committee trying to stimulate the city fathers into enlarging the lakefront stadium in the CNE grounds to provide some 40,000 seats for baseball and football

But even with a big-league stadium at his disposal Cooke is reluctant to guess when a franchise might be available "With the exception of Washington every club in the majors is now on a solid financial basis" he says "It seems to me that there is only the faintest possibility that Washington would permit its franchise to go."

The only hope Cooke sees is the possible expansion of the two major leagues from eight to ten teams

IL president Frank Shaughnessy "in the not too distant future envisions two 12 team major leagues

Emile (Butch) Bouchard former Montreal Canadien defenceman who is now president of the IL's Montreal Royals, won't guess when major league baseball might reach Montreal He headed a group which tried to buy the Royals franchise from the Brooklyn (now Los Angeles) Dodgers a year ago but president Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers refused to contemplate a sale

If and when the American League and the National League expand it's entirely likely according to Toronto's Jack Cooke that Toronto Montreal and Vancouver will constitute three of the eight new teams. But he insists it's "impossible" to estimate when that might be

—TRENT FRAYNE

Jack Cooke

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

Liberal dilemma: hang on or topple the Tories?

IN SETTLING the question of leadership the Liberals at their convention also went a long way toward settling an important question of strategy: should they or should they not challenge the Conservative government at once and defeat it in the House if they can?

There is a difference of opinion on this point between Lester B. Pearson and Paul Martin. Pearson up to now has been rather quiet and unprovocative in parliament because he thinks it's absurd to do a lot of barking and no biting. Now, however, he believes the time has come for the Liberals to behave like a normal opposition—express their lack of confidence in the government by vote as well as by voice and take the consequences. Martin, whose speeches at the current session have been much the more vigorous and aggressive, is the one who favors a continuance of evasive action to keep the Conservatives in power as long as possible.

The case for delay is obvious enough. The unexpected catastrophe last June left the Liberals disorganized, disheartened and confused. The new leader needs time to restore order, make himself known to his own workers, get the party machine back on the rails. He has also the daunting task of reviving public enthusiasm for his party's cause.

"Nobody seems to be sorry we were licked," said one Grit veteran. "When Sir Wilfrid Laurier was defeated in 1911 I saw men weeping in the streets. Even in 1930 when Mackenzie King lost to R. B. Bennett, our people at least were good and mad. But this time I don't find anybody who is really sore because the Tories won."

But though everyone can see the clear and present danger in an early election, the perils of pussy-footing are equally apparent.

What the Liberals need more than anything else, what they have counted on their convention to bring them, is a revival of fighting spirit. It is difficult to revive fighting spirit while at the same time refusing to fight. The recent session has demonstrated that the chief opposition party cannot go on refusing battle without a disastrous loss of face and of morale.

Some Liberals dream of slipping between the horns of this dilemma — making a quiet deal with the CCF to take turns attacking the government without ever actually defeating it. So far the CCF has been deaf to all such hints. Even last June, despite their physical and financial disarray, the CCFers decided that the only thing to do was fight the Tories hard and take what comes of it. They are very pleased with the results of this decision and have no present intention of changing it. They don't exactly want an early election but they don't particularly fear one either and they will almost certainly back any Liberal challenge to the Diefenbaker government.

Social Credit takes a different view. The Social Crediters definitely do not want an election this year. They have been good and have taken care to steady along the way. They'd like to keep on doing so. Theoretically this means the government has an even chance of surviving even in the present House. Conservatives plus Social Credit are roughly equal to Liberals plus CCF, give or take a few absentees and independents.

But Social Crediters know full well that in practice their chances of keeping the Conservatives in office are small. Too many queer situations arise like the time the Conservatives voted to overrule their own chairman; the opposition barely managed to avoid defeating the government that day, and only by sending a dozen Liberals behind the curtain. They couldn't do the same thing again without looking like poltroons.

Moreover, the Social Crediters believe (as do most people here) that the Conservatives still want to be defeated. A defeat in the House would give their 1958 campaign a running start: proof positive that they were meeting "obstruction" in their attempts to fulfill their 1957 promises.

Social Crediters realize that if the Conservatives do want a defeat in the House it shouldn't be too difficult to contrive one. Therefore, since they are pretty well resigned to the thought of having a 1958 election forced on them, the Social Crediters don't intend to make any sacrifices, nor will they accept any humiliations, in order to avoid one.

In all three opposition parties, there's a lot of cynical debate on what the main issue will be. Unemployment, of course, is bound to have a bearing on it. No party in opposition will be able to resist such slogans as "Tory Times Are Hard Times," a phrase that Jimmy Sinclair rolls on his tongue like a piece of sugar candy.

However, a rather sharp argument is developing inside the Liberal Party on the extent to which unemployment should be blamed on the Conservative government. Lester Pearson got some angry criticism from Quebec party workers for saying, at a press conference and in a television interview, that he didn't think the present unemployment was the government's fault.

"You mustn't say that," they told him. "We're pinning it right on the Tories, all of it."

Other Liberals agree with Pearson, though, that to make unemployment a major issue now would be "premature and tawdry" as one of them put it. They all know perfectly well that no act of the present government has caused the present recession—that it would have come anyway.

Likeliest compromise will be a general attack on Conservative trade, tariff, monetary and investment policies, and on Conservative attitudes toward American investment in Canada, with the theme that all these have tended to make the unemployment situation worse instead of better. All parties, including the Conservatives, know that no matter what anybody says the government in power is always a target of resentment for whatever may be wrong with the economy.

On economic issues, then, the Conservatives may find themselves on the defensive. But issues are only part of an election campaign. Where the Conservatives still hold the advantage, unemployment or no unemployment, is in the equally important factor of party organization and morale.

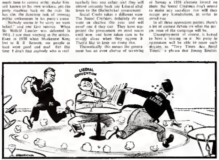
"We had a convention out in Saskatchewan the other day," said a western MP. "In a town where we used to have a job to get eight people out. At this one we had six hundred. Same in Alberta. Same in British Columbia. Our boys are really hot."

The same man recognized, of course, that the 1957 election had already come close to Conservative high-water mark in the English-speaking provinces—he thought they might pick up half a dozen seats west of the Great Lakes and a couple in Newfoundland, maybe a few more in Ontario. But he agreed that the real testing ground, where a Conservative majority will be won or lost, is Quebec.

In Quebec the situation is still as obscure as ever. No deal between the Diefenbaker and Duplessis governments can be discerned, however wistfully the Liberals try to see one. Conservatives say they are having no trouble getting good candidates now, but they have said this before—how good their candidates really are the election will show. Even without St. Laurent the Liberals have a number of big names on their Quebec team and the Conservatives have yet to produce one that anybody ever heard of.

But on the other hand organization is more important in Quebec than it is in other provinces. Organization—and money.

"The trouble is, we've let our people get into the habit of thinking money is the most important thing in winning elections," a Quebec senator said. "I don't think it is, but we've allowed them to think it is. Also we've allowed them to develop champagne tastes—and now we've put them on a beer diet." ★



Will the Grits get a needed shot of Dutch courage?

BACKSTAGE IN THE UNDERWORLD

How they're making things hot for holdup artists in Winnipeg

Taft

WHILE RUNAWAY ROBBERY rates in the three largest Canadian cities are forcing police to pile on manpower in emergency squads, the fourth, Winnipeg, has the brakes on banditry so hard that there hasn't been an unsolved bank holdup in three years.

Montreal, countering an "epidemic" of robberies (300 in Nov.-Dec. '57 against 205 in '56), has beefed up the holdup squad from 10 to 14 men. Toronto police officials are "so alarmed" by rising robberies (89 in Dec.) that they recently assigned ten detectives to work exclusively on holdups. Battling the "usual winter rise in crime" the Vancouver force has redeployed constables from day to night duty, switched days off from week ends to midweek.

In Winnipeg the clampdown on crime started three years ago and showed results almost immediately. In '55 there were 61 armed robberies and 35 arrests; in '56, 48 robberies and 34 arrests. Seven banks have been looted during the period but they seldom waited a full day to see the bandits behind bars.

Once, in Oct. '55, the holdup man apparently slipped the net. He tried again in Feb. '56, wrecked his car with $4,293 of the bank's money. A witness relayed his license number to police and he lasted 65 minutes. The other six arrests took from four minutes to three days and private citizens' tips figured in half of them.

Help from a well-briefed public is one of three main lines of attack Chief Constable Robert Taft and his men have made on bandits. The second is co-operation with banks and businesses. Taft and detectives make periodic tours, telling them nothing they don't know already. But they listen to us because we're open. We urge them to memorize details of features, license numbers, make of car or number of taxi, that sort of thing. Above all we tell them firmly: 'Don't endanger your life or the lives of other people around you.'"

The third line of attack: "We have our intelligence, like the army or any good police force. We know which criminals have been working together. When a job is pulled we often know where to look for the crooks." An improvement on this technique: when a known out-of-town criminal swings off a train at the CPR station detectives are often there to meet him. He's taken in hand on the platform, told to check his bags, herded to the police station for a short talk and bundled on the next train out of town.—ROBERT COLLINS

Backstage IN PUBLIC HOUSING

What Canada's most searching slum-clearance report will say

Rose

TAXPAYERS IN MOST Canadian cities count it a rare civic election when one of the hot issues isn't the old question of slum clearance and public housing. Is it good or bad for the community? Does it cost more than it's worth? Does it discriminate unfairly against private builders and thus discourage more and better housing?

For the last decade town planning experts have looked to Toronto's Regent Park, Canada's largest such project to date, to put the stamp of experience on some of the answers. Those who advocate redevelopment will be heartened—and its critics roused to fresh attacks—by a study to be published in May by a U of T sociologist, Dr. Albert Rose, under the title Regent Park: A Study in Slum Clearance.

Branded "the grab bag with the blank-cheque price tag" in 1953 when it needed a fresh injection of public money, Regent Park squeaked past a $5,000,000 referendum by 38,103 votes to 31,340.

Eventually the project cost $16,000,000 but Dr. Rose now reports, "annual rentals are more than $900,000 and greatly exceed annual operating expenses." The debt "will be repaid in full between the thirtieth and fiftieth year of the project."

Rose speaks even more positively of the project's effect on human beings: "We have learned that rehousing brings important benefits for people . . . Children are doing better in school and are said to be better clothed, more rested, more regular in school attendance. Crime and delinquency have all but disappeared. The surge of personal pride and community responsibility is greatly in evidence."

Backstage WITH YOUTH

Has it rejected old ties for Canada-first?

YOUNG CANADIANS have tended to rebel against historic ties with Britain and France in favor of greater nationalism throughout this century. The current generation is heading more swiftly than any other down the path of Canada first, it is suggested by a recent opinion survey among 1,200 high-school students.

Three out of every four of these youngsters believe we should adopt a national anthem of our own, the pollsters claim. But when they're faced with a choice not two in a hundred favor God Save the Queen. On the closely related question of a national flag (Backstage, Jan. 4) no more than 13% think we should settle for the Union Jack.

The survey was conducted by Canadian High News, a weekly newspaper read by 30,000-odd high school students across the country. On Feb. 1 the paper will print box-scores on the anthem and flag questions, first to be tabulated in the year-long ten-city project. Here are the high points:

Boys and girls both lined up three-to-one for a separate anthem. Asked what they thought it should be they answered this way:

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
O Canada	30.4%	29.4%	29.7%
Maple Leaf Forever	1.9	1.3	1.6
God Save the Queen	.3	2.6	1.6
Others (including something new and different)	4.9	4.6	4.8
No answer	62.5	62.1	62.3

On the flag question the sexes were split more widely. Here's where the 83.7% who favored a distinct Canadian flag stand on the question "Should it include the Fleur de Lis or the Union Jack or parts of both or be completely different?"

	BOYS	GIRLS	TOTAL
Fleur de Lis	2.4%	1.4%	1.9%
Union Jack	11.7	13.8	12.8
Parts of Both	26.4	29.8	28.2
Completely different	40.7	30.7	35.7
No answer	18.8	24.1	21.4

The kids' apparent lack of interest in the Fleur de Lis is probably explained by under-representation of French Canada in the sample. But the survey is well balanced otherwise. The 1,200 youngsters whose opinions make up the percentages were chosen at random from a list of 200,000 of the country's 380,000 high school students. Their answers are weighted according to the population of the cities they live in.

Background

NEW DEAL FOR NATE

Nathan Cohen's "eager negotiations" with a group that wants him to film introductions and sign-offs as "host" for more than 100 RKO movies that will be shown on Canadian TV don't mean he's thinking of abandoning his Fighting Words show or his activities as a drama critic. It's a part-time deal and reports that the offer is $70,000 "are exaggerated," Cohen says.

WATER WITCHERS

If you're easily dazzled by science consider the long comic-opera hunt for a town water supply in Manitou, Man. When a long string of engineers failed the town finally called in water diviner Joe Melinsky and his weirdly antennaed box. Joe found water all right but not enough. So they sent for bare-foot witcher Ernie Dornin, who guaranteed to locate water from electrical impulses picked up by his shoeless soles. Dornin's first well produced more water than Manitou needed; now the engineers are back, installing a town pumping system.

HOW'S HOWE?

In the half year since C. D. Howe left office he's become the favored consultant of industrialists who want to deal with the present government. At the same time the ex-minister has joined the boards of seven corporations with assets totaling $3,856,067,472—enough to move him to 48th place in Maclean's list of the 100 Canadian company directors who control the affairs of most corporate assets (Oct. 12, '57).

TRAGEDY

Unhappily married parents who suffer each other "for the sake of the children" may be doing themselves and their youngsters a tragic injustice. A Washington State study covering three high schools concludes children in broken homes show better adjustment than youngsters in unhappy but unbroken homes in both psychosomatic illness and delinquent behavior. They also have better parent-child relations, the researchers believe.

GIFTED KIDS

With brainpower raised in a matter of months from a butt-of-all-jokes to a valuable but critically scarce commodity, the long-frustrated champions of special schooling for gifted children are hoping to see more action. So far only six local school boards in all Canada have done anything about it. Saskatoon was first, Brantford, Ont., most recent. The Saskatoon experiment has shown this result: whereas **two percent** of all Canadian elementary school children finish a university course, **seventy percent** of the first five Saskatoon special classes have gone on to earn degrees.

Editorial

A three-point platform that will win one vote

SINCE IT LOOKS as if another general election will soon be upon us, we have been giving some thought to the subject of campaign promises

The Conservatives offered a lavish list in 1957, with highly rewarding effect. The Liberals were content to run on their record, a mistake neither they nor anyone else is likely to repeat this year. The result will be like having two Christmases in a row—lots of fun and excitement but we're liable to go broke giving each other so many presents

The solution, obviously, is something in the nature of a home-made Christmas present—a set of promises that everyone will like, but that won't cost too much. We have worked out a three-point platform for any candidate who cares to use it, regardless of party; anyone who does will get our vote

First of all, we want our candidates pledge to do what he can to

Repeal Parkinson's Law. C. N. Parkinson is the man who discovered that in any bureaucracy the personnel increases by about five percent per year "regardless of the amount of work done, if any." It's too much to ask a politician to reverse this process—so far as we know that can't be done—but maybe it could be halted so that we could just go on with the number of bureaucrats we have now

Secondly, our candidate must solemnly

Swear Off Double-Talk. No more saying things that don't add up, that contradict each other or (even more commonly) mean nothing at all. For a Conservative, this would mean no more talk about expanding Commonwealth trade while at the same time negotiating higher tariffs to keep out British goods. Liberals would have to stop denouncing and pouring scorn upon Conservative measures as a prelude to voting in favor of them. CCFers could no longer offer to farmers all the benefits of socialism and none of the penalties. Social Crediters would have to take a vow of silence

The third plank in our platform sounds like the easiest of all, but for politicians it seems to be inordinately difficult. All we ask our man to do is,

Promise to Make Mistakes. Half the troubles of the free world are caused by politicians either refusing to admit they have been wrong or refusing to act for fear of being wrong again. In both cases the effect is a kind of paralysis. If public men would only concede that they have made mistakes in the past which they now propose to correct, but will inevitably make more in the future, they would be able to get a lot more done. They would also be protected against the occupational hazard of thinking themselves infallible

How many other voters feel the same way we don't know. But we can assure all political parties that, speaking for ourselves, we'd rather have these simple and inexpensive gifts than another cut in our taxes, another boost in our pension, or any other transfer of our own money

Mailbag

- So women are misfits in politics? Says who?
- Why are our immigrants cut off from social contacts?
- Now hear a word in praise of restaurants

What is Mrs. Aitken (Women are misfits in politics, Jan. 4) doing to us, the women of Canada, who have been trying and working so hard to improve the status of women everywhere? Now Mrs. Aitken says we are not fit. How the men must chuckle. Is she trying to undo all the effort and work it has taken for women to get this far into municipal, provincial and federal government?" — AMY B. HAUFSCHILD, PAST PRESIDENT, LOCAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN, MEMBER, PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT

Do as the Señoritas do

So the men laugh at our new-style shoes (Preview, Dec. 7). Wait until spring, and then listen to the spring chickens cackle. We have been wearing "Cuban" heels for years. Now it's Italian shoes you say. These señoritas know how to dress. In the spring of 1958 we will be right up on our toes. Just you wait, fellows, those who laugh last laugh longest.—MAY A. WILLCOX, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

The leading man wasn't there

In your issue of Dec. 21 (Preview) you say that Daniel Massey "won high praise over the head of lead Walter Pidgeon." I would like to point out that in the particular (London) production of The Happiest Millionaire to which you are referring, the lead is taken by Canadian actor Robert Beatty. This is not to belittle Daniel's achievement, which is a very substantial one in any case. Really I guess I'm writing because I'm so mad you didn't give him a plug—I'm in it too!—JACQUELINE ELLIS, LONDON (FORMERLY OF OTTAWA)

Immigrants are like everybody else

Concerning your Jan. 4 article probing the mental problems of this country's immigrants. I personally immigrated more than six years ago. Materially I have done well enough to keep equal with native Canadians. Social contacts, however, have never developed; this is where I suffer like many an immigrant. Although I'm in my early twenties, have a late-model car, a good job and security, three tries at getting a date have been refused. I am not likely to try again. I don't know what's wrong with us immigrants; we are no different from everybody else. Your article came very much to the point.—HENRY OERZEN, VICTORIA

✓ Sidney Katz' article ignores the great success we have had in absorbing New Canadians in places like Crooes Man or Gopher Creek, Alta. Villages or hamlets with populations of 200 have successful examples to answer the financial, sex, language, cultural and "marital adjustment" problems. When you come right down to it, who in hell needs a psychiatrist west of Winnipeg? Why not give the New Canadian a break and start him away from these large boiling vats of humanity?—GRAY CAMPBELL, COWLEY, ALTA.

Water always warm in Toronto?

I've just finished reading the article by McKenzie Porter (Jan. 4) about Dave Caplan, the jazz-mad tailor. What in the world is the significance of this individual and his story? The daily antics of this tag-maker (not a tailor) who fancies himself as a gate-crasher have no interest. And another thing I took a dislike to, there are no cold-water flats in Toronto. It's a term and phenomenon that may apply to East Side New York but not Ward Four South.—RALPH HOROWITZ, TORONTO

First Lady running third?

Re your article on Mrs. Diefenbaker (Dec. 21), I think the title First Lady should not be applied to the prime minister's wife. In the trinity that is the Canadian constitutional system—Queen, governor-general, prime minister—I would say the PM's spouse ranks a poor third.—ANDREW ROSA, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Stop knocking restaurants

Your Jan. 4 issue contains an article which is in very poor taste. It's written by a Mr. Hugh Garner and headed My Recipe for Eating Out and Staying Alive. No doubt Mr. Garner had his tongue in his cheek when he penned the article, hoping for a rise such as he is getting out of me, but that is no excuse for bad literary manners. At this season of the year a little praise for the hardworking humans in the restaurants, who are up early in the morning and on their feet late at night, would be more to the point and the common good.—E. MARTIN, MANAGER, MOORE'S RESTAURANT LTD., WINNIPEG

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 42

BOLD NEW PONTIACS

Pathfinder • Strato-Chief • Laurentian • Safari
Chieftain • Super Chief • Star Chief • Bonneville

ONLY CAR WITH...

QUADRA POISE ROADABILITY made possible by revolutionary new frame-designed suspension geometry virtually eliminates dive, sway and bounce

CIRCLES-OF-STEEL SAFETY Pontiac's new body surrounds you with girder steel above, below, front and rear — and floats you on rubber with no metal-to-metal contact. (Same construction on the convertible except for top.)

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

EVER LEVEL AIR RIDE True air suspension! You ride on four columns of self-levelling air to cushion every bump. There are no mechanical torsion bars in Ever Level Air Ride

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The cover

In Regina, artist **Rex Woods** dropped into Saskatchewan's Museum of Natural History (opened during the province's Golden Jubilee Year, 1955), peered at its sixty-one lifelike tableaux and found a scene sure to set any conspicuous nervously reaching for his forty lives.

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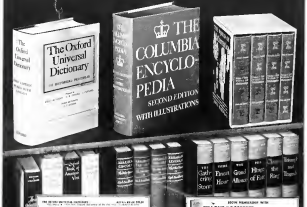

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For the sake of argument

GERALD W. JOHNSON SAYS

The danger is not conformity, but servility

It is now almost exactly a hundred years since John Stuart Mill remarked in his Essay on Liberty that one of the great determinants of conduct has been "the servility of mankind toward the supposed preferences of their temporal masters or of their gods." It is, continued Mill, "not hypocrisy; it gives rise to genuine sentiments of abhorrence; it made men burn magicians and heretics."

A century after Mill wrote this, servility, while it may not actually burn heretics, still makes some men join the Ku Klux Klan, some turn Catholic and others Protestant without any personal conviction, and converts some journalists into high-powered propagandists for causes that are as false as stairs of sand. But, as Mill observed, it is not hypocrisy; it is based on the entirely sincere belief that conformity is not only expedient but also moral.

What is well adjusted?

One need not accept all the theories of the late Dr. Robert Lindner to realize that he touched an important truth in his protest against the acceptance of "the well-adjusted personality" as the psychological ideal. When we say "well-adjusted" all too often we mean a servile personality, which is an ideal fit only for a totalitarian state.

This trait in human nature is one secret of the success of the propagandist. It accounts for the power of the "snob appeal" in advertising as well as fundamentalism in religion. The only successful defense against it is eternal vigilance against one's own tendency to accept servility as reasonable and right.

There is no merit in the contention of some people, usually immature, that conformity is evil *per se*. But there is just as little merit in the assumption, especially common among ancient gaffers, that conformity is virtuous *per se*. Conformity is in itself neither good nor bad; it is completely neutral. Its one recommendation is that in many situations it is convenient. In an increasingly complex civilization, human life is too short to permit a man to think through and form an independent intelligent opinion on everything. For instance, there may be, for aught I know, logical reasons for the button-down collar on a shirt and other logical reasons for using a clip. I have no opinion on the subject, nor do I expect to form one because life is too short to devote any of it to a subject of such slight importance.

There is no merit in nonconformity in matters of no importance. There is, in fact, demerit in it. The man who studies how to outrage the ordinary conventionalities is thereby convicted of spending his time and energy on trivialities, which is evidence that he is essentially a trivial fellow. A man of genuine independence reserves his energy to do battle on things that really count. If one can devise no means of asserting independence other than going to a formal dinner in a plaid shirt or attending an outdoor barbecue in white tie and tails, you may depend upon it that he is a shallow-minded thinker. When it comes to a matter in which independence really counts for something, nine times out of ten you will find him falling in with the crowd.

Nor is the value of conformity as an economizer of time and energy confined to trivialities; there are many important affairs of state in which it is the only reasonable procedure for sensible men.

To take an extreme example, one that nobody will question, when it comes to the most advantageous deployment of military forces it is utterly nonsensical for the civilian to attempt to form an opinion. This is a technical problem of

continued on page 38

GERALD WHITE JOHNSON, WELL KNOWN AMERICAN NEWSPAPERMAN, COMMENTATOR, AND PROFESSOR OF JOURNALISM, IS THE AUTHOR OF TWENTY-THREE BOOKS, MANY OF THEM CONCERNING THE PRESS.

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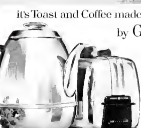

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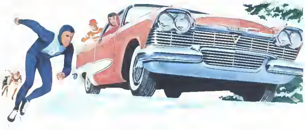

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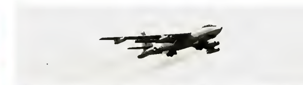


HOW IT FLEW: Fastened to the tail of a B-47 bomber the Iroquois engine is test flown near Toronto Some experts believe fell out Its scream could kill

THE DAY THE IROQUOIS FLEW

By June Callwood

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN SEBERT

The big plane hung low under listless cloud, a freak aircraft that induced pity for its awkwardness Basically it was still a medium bomber, the B-47 with six jet engines streaming black smoke, but aeronautical engineers had warped its shark outline Clamped to one side of its tail was a seventh engine, the two-ton Iroquois which has been called the most powerful jet engine in the world Canadian-designed and built its long-year development program had cost at least thirty million dollars On November 13 around noon on a day that threatened rain the Iroquois was lugged into the sky for the first time by the B-47 and started Some felt that the resultant roar was only simulated life, with Sputniks racing overhead it may yet be decided that the Iroquois was born dead

In spite of the sense of doom that rolled around the horizon few mechanical births have been so joyously received The Iroquois is being built by Orenda Engines Limited a subsidiary of A V Roe Canada Ltd., at Malton, near Toronto, and the company was anxious to see the engine airborne in order to soothe government sponsors grown restive The company had taken only three years to put into production its first jet engine, called the Orenda now flying in Sabres and CF-100s on four continents The Iroquois flight tests however had been notably laced with delays For almost a year before it was actually airborne the company periodically predicted that the engine would fly "in a few weeks"

While the company took four years to bring the Iroquois from the drawing board to the moment of flight its officials say the performance was far from slow considering the difficulties Had it followed the general practice of aircraft engine companies the next engine built after the Orenda would have been only slightly more powerful It was decided in 1953 to leap-frog this logical step and the next and build the strongest engine in the world The company was then just seven years old some felt the project was brave impudence

The hitches were just as massive as the dream Orenda needed a huge airplane to support its baby brute through flying tests Several were considered and the B 47 ninety ton jet successor of the "Flying Fortress" was determined to be best Torrential paper work ensued but eventually the United States Air Force "lent" a B-47 to the Royal Canadian Air

continued over page→

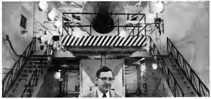
"As clouds rolled over the airfield, apprehension was pitched so high it was inaudible. Miles away a child looked skyward and a wife waited in fear"

THE MAN WHO FLEW IT

Chief test pilot Michael Cooper-Slipper eases last-minute tension with a smoke as he awaits take-off clearance from tower

HE HELPED DESIGN IT

Tense and weary, Burt Avery waits it out



ANOTHER GIANT WAITS ITS CUE

As one Iroquois is about to be flown, another (mounted on platform) is checked in test vault by engineer Harry Keast

THE MEN WHO MADE IT READY

With co-pilot Len Hobbs peering over their shoulders, ground crewmen make a final inspection of the Iroquois The engine, which may sell at a hundred thousand dollars, will power Canada's new fighter interceptor the Arrow

HE RAN IT IN THE AIR

Flight engineer was John McLachlan Idling jet uses 600 gallons an hour

Force, which "lent" it to Orenda. Canadair, an aircraft company near Montreal needed more than a year to fit the plane with the lopsided pod that houses the engine and equip it with almost twenty tons of ballast and instrumentation

The engine itself contains a great deal of a new metal called titanium, as strong as steel with little more than half its weight Orenda had to pioneer in the use of titanium a metal so tricky that it must be welded in a bubble chamber from which all oxygen has been removed The inventors discovered when they placed their twenty-foot offspring on a test bed for the first time that they had created simultaneously the world's most powerful engine and one of the world's loudest noises When the Iroquois is running full throttle its noise is sufficient to deafen a man permanently in fact, some even believe it is possible the noise will kill a man standing a hundred feet away New test cells two-story vaults where the engines can be mounted on concrete blocks and run for days in order to test component parts had to be built with extraordinary sound-swallowing capabilities that cost about eight million dollars The problem of protecting the hearing of ground crews is a matter of continuing research and will still be under study and refinement when the Iroquois is finally wedded to Canada's fighter the Arrow

As the summer of 1957 turned lingeringly into late-arriving fall, the time was reached when the Iroquois had to be flown The government was impatient critics had a satisfyingly large target for harpoons one of the payments on the RCAF contract was hanging on the event The company itself was suffering from a mass case of nerves Tempers were waspish and irritation became almost constant

Discussing the possibility of a titanium fire in the engine which can only be extinguished by smothering an engineer one day asked one of the test pilots what procedure he was considering

"Well" the pilot began lazily "first I'd jump out"

"THAT'S NOT FUNNY!" shouted the engineer furiously

On the morning of the flight the B-47 was parked in a corner of Malton Airport where airline captains, to the despair of the tower control, veered from normal taxiing areas to trundle passengers past for a closer look The B-47 seemed dispirited Its flexible wings which can flap as much as seventeen feet in stormy flight, drooped Its bands of fluorescent red paint required by experimental aircraft as a warning to curious sky sightseers, had peeled and blistered The USAF markings had been removed but the ghosts of the letters showed through The former bomber hadn't left the ground for five months and to the casual observer had acquired a rooted look as though geraniums might soon be planted around the undercarriage and washing strung from the two-story high tail fin

A small knot of men was gathered around its tail huddled in turned up coat collars and peering with curious faces into the blackened tail pipe of the Iroquois. The inert metal slug of an engine which one day may have an estimated hundred thousand-dollar price tag gave back no hint of its present mood

The two pilots, in dull blue flying suits, stood aside glowering indiscriminately at the thing they were asked to fly at representatives of a management that required them to fly it and at the weather which threatened to impede a flight they didn't want to postpone again They were no longer discussing the issue of two days ago when they had first expected to test the engine A snag had been discovered in the Iroquois with one and possibly two oil leaks. The inspecting crew in spite of awareness of high level urgency, had refused to certify it ready for flight.

Nevertheless a compromise was reached Changing engines with one of the others available might have meant a month's delay so it was decided to test the engine anyway but only at idling speed

The inspection crew then described the plane suitable for flight "under limited conditions" and the pilots agreed It wasn't the happiest arrangement but it would have to do

Now with apprehension pitched so high it was inaudible clouds rolled over the airfield and rain was forecast No test flight can be carried out until visibility is better than three miles A light going on at Malton's control tower would give the signal when conditions cleared The flying crew two pilots and a flight engineer watched the weak sun working through the murk and waited To avoid the subject at hand they talked about Wichita Kansas.

This crew Michael Cooper-Slipper chief test pilot Leonard Hobbs the other test pilot and John McLachlan flight engineer had been the first civilians from an outside country to train on the USAF's B-47 Exactly a year before they had spent six weeks at the Strategic Air Command's training base McConnell outside Wichita. Skipping only the lectures on bomb-aiming and nuclear devices they took the stiff SAC training that begins with 6-a.m. briefings

They discovered what they had gloomily suspected since they have long maintained that modern pilots are no longer fliers but airplane drivers The B-47 more so than any of the fifty planes Cooper-Slipper and Hobbs have flown is operated mathematically Pilots carry a briefcase into their cockpits and require a slide rule

"The B-47" their instructor told them "is critical on fuel In fact, the B-47 is critical all around."

It is the fuel problem that makes the slide rule necessary The basic weight of the B-47 is about forty tons and it can take on up to fifty tons more of bombs and fuel Its varying weight however determines its take-off speed and its landing speed Pilots must know to the pound how much the plane weighs

"I've got a very funny idea" Hobbs murmured dreamily one day "I think I'll take an abacus into the cockpit Can't you see the instructor's face?"

The calculations in the cockpit are continuous. For example the B-47 uses two pounds of extra fuel per degree of a turn sharper than thirty degrees. Nothing is casual—"The B-47 is a very unforgiving aircraft" someone commented—and each man sits at the centre of more than a hundred dials and instruments "Remembering that there is fuel all around you in the body even under your seat, helps to keep your mind on your work" observes Hobbs

The two pilots became celebrated honorary members of the officers club at the Kansas base

"Do you mean" asked a Texan incredulously, "that you little old Canadians have got the biggest engine in the world? And you're going to put it in the *tail* of a B-47? Man you're crazier than we are"

Strategic Air Command stopped buying B-47s in 1956 and switched to the longer-range eight-engine B-52s By that time SAC had about three thousand B-47s scattered all over the world Every one of them could continued on page 43

THE PLANE THAT FLEW IT

Rising to 14,000 feet on its own six smoky engines the B-47 levels out and the Iroquois is "lighted"

THEY PRAYED IT WOULD COME HOME

Mrs. Cooper-Slipper and son Christopher watch For the first time in 16 years she knew the ache of fear

THE STREETS OF CANADA:

Sherbrooke

By Phyllis Lee Peterson. Pictures without words by Peter Croydon

The Champs-Elysées is a siren, Fifth Avenue a gilded minx in mink, but Montreal's Sherbrooke Street was a *lady*. Unlike Nellie she remains one—a little shabby, a trifle frayed by commerce, but still trailing Victorian elegance and the remembered fragrance of violets across the affectionate heart of a city.

Sherbrooke is unique. It is Montreal's finest thoroughfare, preserving a uniform hundred-foot width almost its entire staggering stretch of eighteen miles. Around the turn of the century forty-two millionaires lived along twelve limestone-burdened blocks. Today the street spans the island from Montreal West to the eastern tip, its grey aisle running through a green cathedral of trees which range from ancient elms to newly planted Norway maples.

Its length includes monasteries, colleges, a school for delinquents, parks, a shelter for unwed mothers, exclusive apartments, shops, clubs and hotels, the Civic Library, an Anglican convent, oil refineries, churches, a zoo, suburbs, the City of Westmount, farms, the Elegant Mile, dumps, hospitals, cloistered nuns, railway sidings, cemeteries, McGill University, the Museum of Fine Arts, a municipal golf course, Montreal's Botanical Garden, the bones of an Indian village, and two towers built to repulse the Iroquois.

Sherbrooke is metropolitan, rural, modern, old world, English, French—a grey dowager of a street wearing a timeless toque of green and carrying a string shopping bag to the supermarket at one extreme, leading you with a country woman's strong hand to the river at the other. It is ancient, ageless, and eternally feminine.

The old lady blinks at the morning. The buses weave continued over page

Half boulevard, half legend;

old enough to know Maisonneuve;

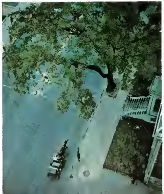
long enough to span Montreal Island,

and every inch a lady—

if not always discreet. This is a

candid portrait of the

Grand Duchess of Canadian streets



Sherbrooke continued

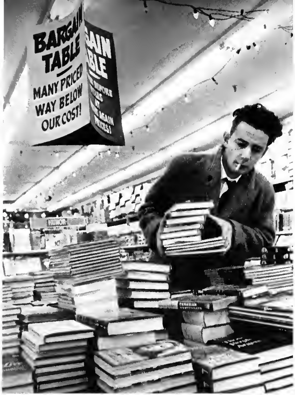
through four lanes of traffic with Gallic élan to deposit office workers in the financial canyons and housewives in Eaton's. In English suburbs to the west small shopkeepers pull up their blinds. Eight miles to the east fountains play in the *Jardin Botanique* that might be Versailles. A white-capped maid dusts a stuffed moosehead over a Parisian door in the faubourgs. Smoke-stacks belch oil stench. A breeder of prize Holsteins leads them beside still waters. Women hang out workers' long johns in raw new developments. A Brother of Charity frowns as he removes a Vote Conservative poster from the gateway to a shrine.

At noon Sherbrooke stirs and the long chime of twelve sends stenographers scurrying from streamlined glass and chrome. Thick boots march under a soutane near Atwater. The elegant windows of the Holt Renfrew department store display Dior originals at the corner of Mountain. McGill undergraduates stream into the Union, and at the other end of the city a boy bats a home-run on the Loyola campus. Wine-stewards blow cobwebs from bottles in the St. Denis, Canadien, United Services and Mount Royal clubs. ("Clicquot '45. Château d'Yquem. *M'sieu le Senateur* tonight. Mr. McConnell's dinner for ten.") The sun flashes from cone-capped stone where Marguerite Bourgeois taught Huron children. A pigeon pecks at Unitarian confetti outside the Church of the Messiah.

But it is dusk when the old lady awakens and since this is a story of Sherbrooke—and mainly mid-Sherbrooke, the Elegant Mile beloved of Montrealers—let it begin when lights spring up like pearls on grey velvet and a single lamp in the Van Horne barons near Stanley stretches out yellow fingers to the blood-reds of an unseen El Greco, the brown shadows of a Rembrandt no one looks at.

This is the cocktail hour, the day-into-dark hour, the hour when the old lady comes into her own. Elms blend into haze over muted traffic and twilight trails across the Georgian houses of the Prince **continued on page 32**

New glass and old gilt, a flower-bedecked hack, ivied halls and strolling lovers, the sharp echoes of cricket—these are the hallmarks of the Elegant Mile. Trade has muscled in but, naturellement! it's strictly carriage


BARGAIN TABLE
MANY PRICED WAY BELOW OUR COST!

LOST: After an unspectacular career in seven countries The Acrobats is tracked by author Richler to a bookseller's bargain counter

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

How I became an unknown with my first novel

BY MORDECAI RICHLER PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORST EHRICHT

One of Canada's rising young writers tells with wry wit how his book The Acrobats (it wasn't about the circus) almost paid its way to oblivion, why "thick books" are best, and how to live on eight dollars a week

When I returned to Canada in 1951 after two years of wandering in Europe, my father took me out for a drive.

"I hear you wrote a novel in Europe," he said

"Yes"

"What's it called?"

"The Acrobats" I told him

For the next five minutes we drove in silence Then he said "What in the hell do you know about the circus?"

I explained that the title was a symbolic one And after another ten minutes of uneasy silence my father asked me "Is it about Jews or ordinary people?"

I told him that it was about both

"Well" he said, "you're no longer a kid I guess you ought to start thinking about getting a job"

When I had quit Sir George Williams College and left Montreal two years earlier I had only intended to stay abroad for a few months My total stake—the proceeds of a variety of summer jobs and an insurance policy cashed in prematurely—was fourteen hundred dollars. With my parents help I stayed away two years. For a lot of that time I drifted to and fro between London Paris and the Côte d'Azur and for about eight months I lived in Spain the setting of my first novel The Acrobats I had since the age of fifteen always wanted to be a writer At first what I wanted to be was a fighting newspaperman like Edward G Robinson in Big Town Then after a year of college I learned to look down on mere reporters, and I decided one to become an alcoholic poet two to die young and tragically This ambition was short-lived however By the time I sailed for Europe I wanted only to write novels Good ones, true ones Mostly because I felt deeply about—there's no other term for it—man's fate but also I'm afraid, because I sheltered the suspicion that it would bring fame and riches After a year of wandering I settled down in Cambridge to write the first draft of The Acrobats reduced to eight dollars a week and the kindness of friends who put me up

My father had sent me my boat fare home He was absolutely right about the job I was twenty two years old now and ten dollars was all the money I had earned in the last two years. I got that from Points, a literary magazine in Paris, for my first published short story

A month after I got home I was still broke and unemployed. I was not exactly straining myself in my efforts to find work Meanwhile my agent in London was sending my manuscript out on the rounds of publishers

"These things take time" my mother said

"I'm not worried" I said

Two weeks later I had my first rejection It was from an American publishing house and the editor there wrote "This young man obviously does not believe in his characters, but he shows promise Next time perhaps"

My family began to apply pressure

"Remember Marvin Felder?" my Uncle Jake asked

"No"

"The kid you always continued on page 40

FOUND: Richler scans his book with a wistful eye At its original price it sold about two hundred copies in Canada

"There is little doubt that the Canadian woolen textile industry would be extinguished"

"Altogether at least one third of the million and a quarter Canadians employed in manufacturing would be affected"

"It would not be an exaggerated guess that a hundred thousand, and perhaps twice that many, would be looking for other work"

IF WE HAD FREE TRADE WITH BRITAIN . . .

We startled the British by suggesting we'd switch fifteen percent of our imports from the U.S. They startled us by proposing complete free trade. What would it do to us? BLAIR FRASER reports the latest views

Last autumn, for the first time in forty-seven years, Canada was offered free entry to a tremendous new market.

Britain's proposal of complete free trade, to be introduced gradually over a dozen years, sounded like an answer to Canadian prayers. It meant fifty million customers for Canadian goods. It meant a chance to do more business with Britain and less with the United States, something the new Canadian government had set as a major objective. It meant a chance to build up the economic strength of the Commonwealth by letting Britain earn more dollars.

Consumers in Canada, all sixteen million of us, would have got immediate benefits in lower prices. British woolen cloth, which supplies about half the Canadian market already, would sell here for about fifteen to twenty-five percent less. British clothing of all kinds would come down in price by a quarter to a third. All sorts of manufactured goods, from heavy machinery to baby's new shoes, would be cheaper.

Primary producers, such as farmers, miners, lumbermen and paper-makers, would have gained indirectly. Most of them have free entry into the British market already, but the market itself is limited by Britain's supply of dollars. If Britain earned more dollars and expended her own production, she could buy more from Canada.

Manufacturers in Canada were scared out of a year's growth by the British offer. They called it "catastrophic," "ruinous," "murder." "Nothing could be worse for Canada." One Canadian textile man went so far as to suggest the British made their free trade proposal only because Diefenbaker's speeches in behalf of Empire trade embarrassed them at a time when they were trying to build closer trade with Europe. Their real ambition, according to this cynical view, was to make so extreme and impractical an Empire-trade proposal of their own that everybody, including Diefenbaker, would be only too glad to drop the subject.

But the British argued—and still argue—persuasively that even the manufacturers in Canada, or some of them at least, would gain in the end by free trade with Britain.

"This is the biggest opportunity for expansion that Canadian industry ever had," they say, in effect.

"American styling is the fashion all over the world today. Your Canadian goods are made in American style. If they had free entry into the British market they'd have a terrific head start over our own British makes."

Goods like these are now kept out of Britain by import licensing. Last year only two Canadian refrigerators were sold to Britain—yet Canadian prices are about the same as the British charge for a smaller, less convenient model. Canadian makers have been complaining for years that they need a bigger market to operate economically. Free trade with Britain would quadruple their market immediately.

Why then has no Canadian voice been heard in favor of the free-trade offer? The manufacturers greeted it with outrage, the government with a pained and stony silence; even the Liberal opposition, devoted lip servers of free trade, kept remarkably quiet. What's wrong?

Two things, apparently. One is that Canadians seem to think first of their interest as producers and not of their interest as consumers when they think of international trade. Nobody has talked about British low prices as a benefit, only as a threat.

The other is that the immediate effect on employment in Canada would be bad. The industries that would gain in the end by free trade would feel no instant change, because most of them have free entry to Britain already. The industries that would suffer most would be not merely damaged; some would be wiped out.

Here, industry by industry, is an analysis of what free trade with Britain would mean to Canada.

WHEAT would not be affected at all, one way or the other. Britain has no restriction at all on the wheat trade, which is entirely in private hands. Millers need no license to buy wheat anywhere in the world, nor is there any tariff on it. Canadian westerners occasionally proclaim that the British would buy more wheat if they had more dollars, and the government is urged to "sell wheat for sterling," but the British themselves insist that there is nothing in this idea. Their millers are already buying all the Canadian wheat they want; should they want more, there is nothing to stop them from buying it. They bought two hundred million dollars' worth in 1956.

FARM PRODUCTS generally, of which we sold about a hundred million dollars' worth aside from wheat in Britain in 1956, would benefit slightly but not much. Only a few items, notably cheese and apples, are restricted by British import quotas now. If we should double or even triple the three millions' worth we sold in 1956, it wouldn't make a very substantial change in the gross trade figures.

"Heavy industries are more alarmed by British competition than by American"

FISH is an item more talked about than sold. Britain has had some restriction on the import of canned salmon from British Columbia, but the fact is that the B.C. canners have had no surplus for several years and must even import Japanese salmon to meet the orders they have now. Free trade could hardly expand their sales to Britain much beyond the seven million dollars' worth they sold there in 1956.

BASE METALS and non-metallic minerals—aluminum, nickel, asbestos and the like—are also sold without impediment in Britain already. They are Canada's biggest export to the U.K., taken altogether even bigger than agricultural products—about three hundred and twenty million dollars in 1956. Although sales have fallen off somewhat, this is because of a dwindling market, not restriction. These are the raw materials of industry and undoubtedly they would benefit in the long run by any expansion of industry in either Britain or Canada that might follow a free trade agreement. In the short run, however, they would not be affected at all.

LUMBER and other forest products, except pulp and paper, have the same free entry into Britain as most other raw materials. No immediate expansion could be counted on.

NEWSPRINT, pulp and other paper are a big Canadian export, the biggest dollar earner of all, and nominally these things are under import restriction in Britain. In actual fact, though, the British are buying less than their permitted quota now. All purchasing is done through a single company, privately owned, and newspapers draw a self-imposed ration from that source. Canadian newsprint companies say there is not the slightest hope that a removal of import restrictions would bring any rise in their sales to Britain; rather they're afraid of a cut.

Altogether these things, and other miscellaneous items on which there is no tariff or other restriction in Britain, account for about ninety percent of Canada's present exports to the United Kingdom. Of course, free traders point out, the remaining ten percent might well be multiplied if import restrictions were removed; they are now *held down* to ten percent by British import controls. But the industries above mentioned are the big exporters now, and the ones most inclined to favor freedom of trade.

Some other industries that are tariff-protected against U.S. competition, and tend to be protectionist in their thinking, might expect some modest gain by free entry into Britain.

AUTOMOBILES are the big example. This is one Canadian industry in which the normal relation to Britain is reversed. British cars can and do enter Canada duty free—twenty thousand were sold here in 1956. Canadian cars face a twenty-percent duty and rigid import control in Britain. Canada sells only about a hundred a year there, compared with more than five thousand before the war.

British trade officials say we could find a market there again. Even a fairly cheap Canadian car looks big and luxurious among the smaller British models, and they think it could be sold as a not-too-costly luxury item.

The question is, would it be worth the trouble? British motor taxes penalize the heavy and the high-powered car, and would have some of the protective effect of a tariff. Canada produces 375,000 cars a year; it's doubtful if the number sold in Britain would be enough to make much difference in jobs or wages to the forty thousand auto workers in Canada.

"The question is, would it be worth the trouble?"

INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS are another borderline case. They meet duties and import restrictions in Britain now, though some Canadian firms manage to find a market there anyway. If we had complete freedom of trade, some of the products of Canada's new chemical industry could certainly be sold in much greater quantity.

On balance, though, Canadian chemical men believe the advantage would lie with the British. Britain's chemical industry has fairly cheap and accessible raw material—British coal, Middle East oil—and its products can be carried by sea to eastern Canada. The Canadian chemical industry is either a long rail haul from its raw material, or a long rail haul from its market.

If they could have free trade with the United States as well as Britain, the Canadians would welcome it. But they can see only slight advantage and many drawbacks to free trade with Britain alone. They can't see that it would add any to the fifty thousand jobs the industry now provides; more likely it would subtract some, they say.

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES have been mentioned already as something Canada could sell in Britain. Anyone who has ever seen an English kitchen would agree that here is indeed a virgin field for the appliance salesman. The British housewife has been neglected almost as much as the North American has been courted and pampered by her own manufacturers. If Canadians couldn't sell stoves, washing machines and refrigerators in England today, we couldn't sell anything anywhere.

One might expect the electrical industry, then, to be one exception in the otherwise solid front of Canadian manufacturers against the British free-trade offer. Its 457 plants have had trouble keeping all of their eighty-five thousand workers steadily employed, and one of the commonest complaints in this as in most industries is that the Canadian market is too small to permit low-cost mass production.

But in fact, the electrical industry is not an exception at all. A spokesman for Canadian Westinghouse, interviewed about the probable effect of free trade with Britain, called it "calamitous." Others said it would be "especially" hard on the electrical manufacturers, though bad enough for all secondary industry in Canada.

Why should these harsh words have come from one of the few industries that could expect some immediate benefit? Because the advantage is limited entirely to the household-appliance field, relatively undeveloped in Britain. In the heavy electrical equipment that provides the biggest fraction of all jobs in the industry, the balance is all the other way.

continued on page 36

"It would mean lower prices for the things we all have to buy"

The changeling Eskimos of the Mountain San

BY FRANK CROFT

At this Hamilton sanatorium sufferers air-lifted from the Arctic sample our strange customs, foods and gadgets. We can cure them and sometimes amuse them—but we can't convince them our world is better

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALTER CURTIN

A dramatic but little-known air lift has been shuttling between the eastern Arctic and the Mountain Sanatorium at Hamilton each summer for the last eight years. The freight on the southbound flights has been Eskimos in every stage of tuberculosis. Under their wondering eyes has unrolled a two-thousand-mile pattern of tundra, muskeg, forest, lake and field, ending at a gigantic igloo of glittering tile where steaming food is pushed around on wagons and women in stiff white dresses and funny hats are allowed to give orders. The northbound flights take the Eskimos home again, health and strength restored and now expert TV set twirlers, curling-iron users, familiar with Dick Tracy—wise, in fact, in all the ways of the white man.

Early this spring more than a hundred Eskimos will be returned to their families, cured. From 1952, when two Eskimos were discharged as cured, until now, more than four hundred patients have gone happily back to the barrens. The individual patient accepts this white man's miracle with quiet gratitude. For the men and women who are operating the scheme it is, in the words of Dr. Hugh E. Ewart, medical superintendent, "one of the most gratifying campaigns in the entire history of our war against the bug. Eight years ago tuberculosis threatened the survival of the eastern Arctic Eskimos. Today its extermination is in sight."

The tour is not yet complete. Eskimo patients will continue to arrive at the Hamilton sanatorium, but in smaller numbers. Even four years ago the incidence of active tuberculosis was ten percent of the total eastern Eskimo population. A survey made late in 1956 showed that it had been reduced to five and a half percent.

But the story of the Eskimos at Hamilton's Mountain Sanatorium is something more than statistics, surgery and streptomycin. It is the story of the impact of the white man's world on primitive men, women and children. When a group of patients were taken on a tour of the city their guides expected that the steel mills, with their vastness, clangor and open hearths looking like Hell's main entrance, would fascinate the Eskimos. They were bored.

But when a park was passed the Eskimos broke into excited chatter, pointing to grass, trees and flowers. Miss Marion McKnight, of the san's teaching staff, started something when she showed a group of young Eskimos how the annual rings of a tree stump recorded the age of the erstwhile tree. Some have become expert at estimating the age of a growing tree by continued on page 28

A hair drier delights twenty-four-year-old Bateeta from Frobisher Bay. But Eskimos are eager to return home when cured.

Play comes naturally but food is a problem. New patients refuse everything but fish and meat, think ice cream is snow.

Comic books are grabbed eagerly by six-year-old Kootlowak from Baffin Island. Young Eskimos pick up English so easily that their worried elders hold classes in Eskimo.

The Name Game

Ernie Maxwell
raised
party name-dropping
to a fine art.
Which of
his masterpieces were
forgeries?

A short-short story complete in these pages

BY SCOTT CORBETT

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU PARKER

As they drove home from the Baileys' cocktail party he was thoughtful. Ernie Maxwell tended to be an honest man. He tried to keep up on things and he knew what he knew, and what he didn't know. Consequently he often felt inferior at social gatherings, since he was constantly encountering authoritative persons like Bellnap who seemed to know such a great deal more about almost everything than he did. And once in a while he came away with a guilty feeling, as he had now.

"Doris, have you ever heard of Schoenbrunn?" he asked after a long silence.

"No. Who's he?"

"Well, that fellow Bellnap was talking about the German situation, and dropped him into the conversation. So what did I do? Did I say, 'Who's Schoenbrunn?' and risk sounding uninformed? I did not. I merely nodded and let the name slide quickly by. Isn't that contemptible?"

Doris was comfortable about it. "Oh, I don't know. I guess we've all done that at one time or another."

"Well, maybe. Still it isn't right. And there's another side to it, too. An awful thought suddenly occurred to me as he went on talking, and it made me very uneasy."

"What's that?"

"How do I know there really is a Schoenbrunn? Bellnap could have thrown him in just to see if I'd pretend to know who he was. He could be laughing up his sleeve at me right now, and telling his friends about this boob he met at the Baileys' who pretended to know about a nonexistent West German leader."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Mr. Bellnap was pretty impressed with himself, I thought. People like that are too busy telling you what they do know to care much about what you don't know. I mean, I just don't think it would ever occur to a Bellnap to pull a trick like that."

"Maybe you're right. In fact I expect you are. Actually only some boob like me would ever think of it," admitted Ernie.

The implications of his own remark clicked into place one after another like a winning combination on a slot machine. Ernie grew taller behind the steering wheel and his brown eyes, ordinarily as guileless as a spaniel's, gleamed.

"Say, how about that?" he murmured. "Can't you just see the way it would work on some of those Bellnaps?" His fingers drummed briefly on the wheel. "When did you say the Saunders are having their dinner party?"

Doris became mildly alarmed.

"Now just a minute, Ernie."

"It would be fun to try just once."

"No. Don't you dare."

"Well, I don't suppose Bellnap will still be around by then anyway."

During the next few busy days he scarcely gave the matter another thought, or at least he pretended to himself that he didn't. Not until they were actually on their way to the Saunders' did he ask, "Who's going to be there tonight? Anyone special?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he knew he should never have attempted an innocent tone. He had never yet fooled Doris with it. Besides, being Doris, she had naturally not forgotten their conversation about Bellnap.

"I don't know of anyone special who's going to be there, and no matter who's there I don't want to catch you trying anything funny," she said, all in one breath.

"Why, dear, I don't know what you're talking about, and besides I wouldn't really have the nerve to try it anyway," he declared, also all in one breath.

In spite of this assurance he could tell that Doris was relieved to see nothing but familiar faces in the large living room when they arrived. Ernie joined a group standing near the small bar Bert Saunders had wheeled in.

Ten minutes later a stranger arrived who had Bellnap written all over him. The sight of the man made Ernie's palms throb.

As he circled his prey shortly after Mr. Quinn had been introduced all around the room, Ernie was careful not to look directly at Doris, because he was conscious of her eyes on him and knew he would get a warning shake of the head if he did.

Mr. Quinn measured up beautifully. He was soon holding forth in an easy, authoritative manner to a small circle of listeners into which Ernie was quick to insinuate himself. Actually Ernie meant only to observe the ripe and dream a little about some of the possibilities of the situation, but then the conversation turned to a current exhibition of early Italian paintings. As it happened, he and Doris had attended it the week before.

Mr. Quinn spoke of the exhibition in glowing terms and gave particular attention to the Duccio and the Bellini. The names slipped across his tongue like bright labels being licked so they could be stamped neatly on the conversation. Ernie felt his pulses throb again riotously and his tongue got away from him.

"Well, of course they were unquestionably the most important paintings in the show," he heard himself saying in a voice that sounded astonishingly calm and authoritative, "but my favorite was the Piero della Francesca—that and the exquisite Pignolini."

Mr. Quinn eyed him uncertainly and Ernie nearly panicked. He was suddenly afraid he had taken too many Martinis. He was sure he was about to make an utter fool of himself.

"The—er—Pignolini?" said Mr. Quinn.

Ernie was committed now, and the courage of desperation was his to a degree he would not have dreamed possible.

"You remember. The little Pignolini they had in the corner," he urged with an easy show of confidence. "At least it was in the corner when we were there, though I suppose by now it may well have been given a more conspicuous place after all the fuss the critics made over it. *You* know—the little round one."

By now the others in the group were looking at Mr. Quinn expectantly. It could have been the

light, or the Martinis, but it did seem to Ernie that for the merest split second Mr. Quinn's small blue eyes became shifty.

"Oh. Oh, yes, of course," he said.

"I love Pignolini anyway. Especially his Blue Period," added Ernie, all but carried away. Mr. Quinn nodded knowingly, and then went on rather quickly to speak of the exhibition in general terms.

A few minutes later when the group broke up Doris seized the opportunity to back her husband into a corner.

"And who is Pignolini?" she demanded in a low accusing voice. Well aware that she had been sitting nearby, he was not taken wholly by surprise. He chuckled delightedly.

"So! Been eavesdropping, eh?" he said, munching. "Well, I'm glad. I wouldn't have wanted you to miss it. You see what I mean? I *told* you it would work."

"Listen, don't you dare ever do a thing like that again!" she murmured hotly, glancing around to make sure everybody else was busy talking.

"Now, dear, don't get yourself in a state. I just wanted to try it once, that's all," said Ernie, and became analytical. "Actually I went too far. That Blue Period stuff. Took a chance there. Next time I wouldn't—"

"Ernest Maxwell, there's not going to be any next time. Do you hear?"

"I was only going to say—"

"Do you hear?"

"Yes, dear."

The overstuffed guest of honor was pure female Bellnap

It was a matter of some grim satisfaction to Doris, after such an incident, that their next engagement was to meet a woman friend of the Mehls who wrote poetry and everybody said was very brilliant.

"If I were you I wouldn't try messing around with Miss Fletcher, from what I hear of her," she warned confidently. Ernie assured her he had no intention of messing around with Miss Fletcher in any fashion. But then when they reached the Mehls and took one look at the guest of honor he was as acutely conscious of the way Doris's heart sank as though it had been in his own bosom. An overstuffed, hun-hued maiden of fifty, dew-lapped and tweedy, Miss Fletcher was a female Bellnap if ever he saw one.

Doris kept a sharp eye on him, and for some time he had very little to say. In a rarefied atmosphere the conversation raced along at a brittle pace with Miss Fletcher at the centre of it, crisp and omniscient, the others awed and deferential.

Then, as the talk turned to Sartre, Ernie popped in his little contribution.

"Well, it does seem to me that Sartre's most promising recent disciple is the young Dutchman, Jan Kurde."

"Ah yes, Kurde," murmured Miss Fletcher, and raced on to discuss what she called the tarnished aspects of Existentialism, while Ernie sat back breathing softly and Doris gently massaged her throat to get her heart back down out of it.

The instant the Mehls' front door had closed behind them Ernie cowered away from her, grinning sheepishly.

"Doan beat me, massa!"

"Beat you? I ought to divorce you! Are you going to put me through this sort of thing every time we go to a party now?" cried Doris. "It's not funny, it's not one bit funny!"

"But when I saw that fat frump and listened to her for five minutes I couldn't resist."

"Well, you'd better start resisting, or I'm not going to any more parties with you. To think that after ten years of happy marriage you should turn into a practical joker!" she added bitterly. "One reason I married you was because you weren't that type."

"I know. I never have been. This is a new departure for me," he admitted. "I just happened to come across a good thing."

"Good? Now you listen to me . . . !"

Before they reached home she had extracted his solemn promise that he would control himself the next afternoon at the Beasleys' annual Open House. He gave it dutifully, but most reluctantly.

"I can't imagine happier hunting grounds," he sighed. "I'll be walking around with tears in my eyes. But I promise."

Nor was he a man who gave his promise lightly. When an advertising executive named Highy appeared on the horizon, making him feel like a privateer that had just raised a rich merchantman, he carefully sheered off and by degrees found himself in the library.

Spencer Beasley had chosen that time to show Highy the library and when Ernie arrived Highy was sounding off on the subject of hi-fi and which Bach recordings he considered best. Spence pulled Ernie into the conversation and then eased himself out of it to pursue his hostly duties. Alone with Highy, Ernie patted away the tiny beads of sweat that pimpled his forehead and did his best to ignore the suave voice that murmured in his ear, "This fellow will be a set-up for your Swedish pianist, Svensbord . . ."

They were halfway home, after the party, before he finally confessed.

"Doris, I broke my promise to you."

"Ernie! You didn't!"

"I couldn't help myself. That fellow Highy—"

"I knew it would be Highy," groaned Doris.

"Yes, you get so you can pick them out at a glance, don't you?" he nodded. "Well, I tried to avoid him, honest I did, but he was thrown in my way. And then he simply sat up and begged for it. Prime Bellnap, he was, from head to toe. 'Svensbord stands like a monument in the field of interpreting Purcell for the piano, of course,' I found myself saying, 'but I do feel there is a place for some of the younger pianists, too.'"

"And what did Highy say?"

"Oh, he agreed," Ernie assured her. "He agreed. You know, this trick's a cinch as long as you follow the rules. For instance, Rule Number One: always give the impression you're talking about somebody the average peasant never heard of but

whom any cultured person naturally numbers among his household names. Someone it's smart to know about, in other words."

"So now you're developing a whole theory on the subject," said Doris, folding her arms severely. "I suppose you have a full stable of phantom celebrities worked up by now?"

"It's growing," he admitted, "it's growing. For instance, there's Mornch, the great Estonian mathematician, and Fairfield of arithmetics fame—wasn't it splendid to read in the papers that Fairfield had received the Spellgar Award, Professor Bellnap!—and Camberwell on architecture, and—"

"Ernie, this has got to stop," declared Doris somberly. "There's no telling where it may lead."

"I know." He sighed, and dimmed his lights for an oncoming car. "After a while it all begins to take on the pleasantly distorted quality of those little essays of Paul Flambertin, in which—"

"Paul who?"

"Flambertin." He glanced at her with mild surprise. "With all the French you took in college surely you must know his essays? If not, you ought to read them — and in the original, too. How I envy you when I think of all that must be lost in translation for the rest of us! Well, anyway, Flambertin . . ."

Of course when she hit him the car went into the ditch and they were lucky to come out of it alive. Ernie was very decent about everything, though. He never blamed Doris one bit. Thinking back on it afterward he realized he could scarcely have picked a worse time to mention a lesser French essayist, however *bona fide*. ★

Sweet & sour

So you asked my advice

By Peski Luomings

DRAWINGS BY [illegible] THORNE

Q. The other morning I woke up and recalled to my horror that I had become engaged to two different girls. What should I do?

A.—*Get out of town, change your name and try to find a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you.*

Q. When my mother-in-law is with us she nags me so that it drives me crazy. If I insist on my mother-in-law going some place else my wife nags me so that it drives me crazy. Can you suggest any way out of this dilemma?

A.—*No.*

Q. The government has indicted me for income-tax evasion, for deserting the army and for illegal use of the mails. I am also facing counterfeit and bigamy charges. What can I do?

A.—*Relax. Just don't give it another thought.*

Q. The job I have now does not pay me enough to live on. I have been offered a splendid job in another city but my doctor says if I live there the climate will kill me.

A.—*Take up drinking. A great many drinks. Then maybe some [illegible] will come to you.*

Q. The other day in a fit of temper I hit another man, breaking his [illegible] and knocking out several of his teeth. The minute I did it I realized I shouldn't have and I apologized profusely. But now he is suing me for $50,000. Can you give me any advice?

A.—*Cut it out. Pay the $50,000 [illegible]. It'll [illegible] lawyers' [illegible].*

[illegible] ght. Better [illegible] should try again.

People I'd send to the moon

The man who invented my wash and wear shirt and didn't mention that it would look just the way my old shirt would have looked if I washed it.

◆

The man who designed rest [illegible] [illegible] air conditioners to blow cold damp air right down my neck.

◆

The inventor of plastic wrappings for cookies, along with the man who puts those little red tabs in them.

◆

If there is still room on the rocket I also suggest:

All women who stand dropping their change into little slots in their purses before they leave the cash counter.

People who let little girls answer telephones. You can't tell them in your nightie to go back to their mothers. You can't get rid of them and you can't make them understand anything. They keep saying things like "Daddy's in the bathing ... Jimmy won't eat his breakfast."

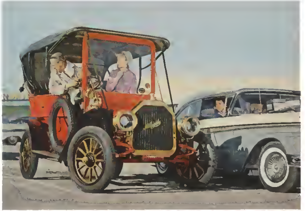
◆

TV repairmen who say "It's probably your oscillating parallel trimmel rectifier," not having the slightest idea what it means but knowing I don't either.

◆

The man who writes the telephone book: CITY OF TORONTO. See TORONTO, City of.

—ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN



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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **PEYTON PLACE:** Astonishingly, Grace Metalious' trashy best-seller novel about the scandalous goings-on in a small town in New England has been turned into quite an interesting movie. Traces of the original hokum remain but the story has been simplified and strengthened, and Montreal-born Mark Robson's direction has inspired several expert acting performances. Lana Turner appears as a cautious businesswoman who finds the younger generation alarming. Lloyd Nolan is outstanding as a rough but compassionate physician.

THE ENEMY BELOW: There's considerable tension in this war-at-sea drama, in which the equally gallant opponents are an American destroyer skipper (Robert Mitchum) and the captain of a German submarine (Curt Jurgens). The German, of course, is a Hitler hater.

THE HARD MAN: A tough, tight-lipped "deppity" (Hollywood's Guy Madison) and a tyrannical rancher (Canadian Lorne Greene) are the antagonists in a well-knit western. It stays close to the familiar pattern.

HEAR ME GOOD: Television quizmaster Hal March is the star of this dreary little comedy about a Broadway confidence man who tries to "fix" a beauty contest. Rating: poor.

THE LAST BRIDGE: A slow-moving but decent and stirring war drama filmed in Yugoslavia in 1953. Maria Schell memorably portrays a German nurse abducted by the Yugoslav partisans. She has to decide whether pity is open to friend and foe alike.

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS: Much like any of the more handsome Hollywood westerns, this is a British outdoor melodrama about banditry in the Australia of a century ago. Peter Finch is the leader of the gang. Rating: good.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
Baby Face Nelson: Crime. Poor.
Bolshoi Ballet: Russian dancers in London. Excellent.
Campbell's Kingdom: Adventure. Good.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
The Devil's Hairpin: Auto-racing drama. Fair.
Don't Go Near the Water: Navy-base comedy. Good.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
Hell Drivers: Action drama. Fair.
A Hill in Korea: War. Good.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
Jet Pilot: Air romance. Poor.
Kiss Them for Me: Comedy. Good.
Lady Chatterley's Lover: French sex drama. Fair.
Les Girls: Musical. Excellent.
The Long Haul: Drama. Poor.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Lucky Jim: Comedy. Fair.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
Monolith Monsters: Horror. Poor.
My Man Godfrey: Comedy. Fair.
No Down Payment: Drama. Fair.
Old Yeller: Boy-and-dog story. Good for youngsters.
The One That Got Away: Escape drama. Good.
Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Ride a Violent Mile: Western. Poor.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
The Sad Sack: Jerry Lewis farce. Fair.
Satchmo the Great: Globe-trotting jazz documentary. Good.
Sayonara: Drama. Good.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Slaughter on Tenth Avenue: Crime drama. Good.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
Stopover Tokyo: Spy drama. Poor.
The Story of Mankind: Historical fantasy. Poor.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
Summer Love: Teen-age drama. Fair.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
3 Faces of Eve: Drama. Fair.
Time Limit: Drama. Excellent.
Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good.
The Tin Star: Western. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
Until They Sail: Drama. Good.
Woman in a Dressing Gown: British domestic drama. Fair.
Zero Hour: Suspense. Good.

The changeling Eskimos

continued from page 22

its thickness. The final thrill is to compare their own years with those of the tree. But this is a pastime the young enjoy more than the old; staff members have noticed that older Eskimos find trees oppressive and confining after a lifetime on the barrens.

When arrivals at the children's ward were first given ice cream they threw it on the floor and nurse Henrietta McGhee found herself the target for a dozen pairs of angry little black eyes. The children thought they were being offered snow; they had reacted to the imagined insult with primitive directness. It was not long before they were scooping up their ice cream just as any child does.

Food is always a problem with new patients. At first both young and old refuse everything but meat and fish. New adult patients at first will eat the protein foods (with their fingers) and sweep the vegetables and fruits off their trays. But in a short time they take to variety. And they soon learn to use the white man's tableware.

Sarah Abrams is an attractive young woman with firm but typically Eskimo views on the white man's food.

Sarah was preparing to return to her home on the shore of Ungava Bay after nearly two years in the san when she stopped to tell me her food likes and dislikes. What did she like best? "Meat." Did she like desserts? "Little bit." Vegetables? "No salad, potato or carrots, but peas—little bit." What beverages did she like? "Oh, milk, coffee just little bit, tea much—yes, much like tea." Sarah was not impressed with cars, TV or radio but she was delighted to be taking back an iron, soap, toothpaste and some rings.

Sarah's home is not an igloo but a frame house. Nearly all Eskimos of the eastern Arctic have had some kind of contact with the white man. Too many radar, meteorological and wireless stations have been strewn across the Arctic for them to have escaped. The majority are still igloo dwellers — but in these igloos seal-oil lamps and primus stoves may stand side by side. An Eskimo of Baffin Land may hunt with a harpoon, but from a boat powered by an outboard motor. Many patients from as far away as Ellesmere Island come to the san with such things as sewing machines, chewing gum, hobby pins and cigarettes. All have Bibles in Eskimo.

If there are any pagans among them they will not admit it. The Christian Eskimos of the Canadian Arctic are about eighty-seven percent Anglican and the remainder Roman Catholic, the only two denominations which have conducted missionary work in the far north. That is about the membership proportion for those two churches among the san Eskimos, but once in the san they seem to think that both denominations are interchangeable.

Each church conducts a daily service over an inter-ward transmission system picked up on headphones by the patients. Nurse Eileen Fagan, supervisor of the admitting department, walked into one of the women's wards one day soon after the Eskimos started arriving in Hamilton. All the patients were sitting up in bed, their Bibles open on their laps, headphones in place and hats, kerchiefs, or even towels covering their heads. "These must be Catholics," the nurse thought, remembering that this was the hour for the Catholic service. Later in the day she saw the same patients in the same devout attitude for the Anglican broadcast. Every Eskimo in the san takes the double dose daily.

Although the Eskimos have abandoned the pagan beliefs of their fathers they bring to the Mountain Sanatorium some of their ancient skills. The recent popularity of Eskimo carvings is principally because the tireless sculptors at the san have widened the market by the quantity of their output. An average of two hundred soapstone bears, walrus, seals, birds, Eskimos and kayaks flow to stores and specialty shops in southern Canada every month. More than half the men carve. Their talents range from primitive genius to run-of-the-mill carvers; even the least expert has a good sense of form and proportion. Production is so steady that a Quebec quarry makes regular shipments of soapstone blocks cut in five different sizes.

Last year the carvings had a retail value of more than ten thousand dollars. The men usually turn this revenue into wrist watches or cameras, and they generally remember their families and friends by sending bright colored fabrics or tools back home. A carver sells smaller objects, such as birds, for as little as a dollar or two wholesale, and the larger pieces, such as ivory or soapstone kayaks, hunters poised over seal holes and outsized bears or walrus, for as much as forty dollars.

An Eskimo kangaroo?

They work quickly. The CBC brought its cameras to the san not long ago to make a documentary film on Eskimo art. They handed one of the carvers a block of soapstone in the morning, planning to return later in the afternoon when they thought he would be nicely started and so get a film of him actually bringing the stone to life. After lugging cameras and lighting gear into the ward that afternoon they were chagrined to find their artist turning the pages of a comic book; a beautiful, completely sculptured polar bear stood on his bedside table.

So far the men have stuck pretty well to their own people and the animals they know for subject matter. But if they remain in the south much longer, anything might happen. Not long ago an orderly watched goggle-eyed as an Eskimo put the finishing touches to, of all things, a kangaroo. The carver had been fascinated by a picture of a kangaroo in a book and had decided to reproduce it in stone.

Carving seems to be a compulsion. When the first patients arrived in 1950 many asked for something to carve as soon as they had been tucked into bed. The nurses thought they wanted to whittle, so odd bits of wood were brought from the floor of the san's carpentry shop. Mildly grateful, the Eskimos started in on this strange medium and produced some creditable animals. One man hacked an excellent kayak model from a piece of two by four. One of the early arrivals brought a walrus tusk with him and lost no time in turning out a kayak complete with hunter. San authorities were quick to arrange for the soapstone supplies. An Eskimo carver uses a couple of files, part of a hacksaw blade and perhaps a small knife or chisel.

Sewing and stitching may not be al

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The older Eskimo patients don't bother learning English — so the san's staff is learning Eskimo

ways as impressive as the work of the carvers but the women are just as skilful and fast at their work as the men are at theirs," says Mrs. Michael Sullivan, a home-economics teacher. Most of them are familiar with sewing machines when they come to the san but those who are not pick it up in no time. "Some of our garment manufacturers would rub their hands if they could get a few Eskimo women on the payroll," one teacher declares. "It's nothing for a woman to make a housecoat in a day. And remember, their day starts soon after nine and ends before four thirty, with a two-hour rest period in between. Their housecoats are not just sacks either. They are lovely garments with bound buttonholes and all the fashion touches."

Since the Eskimos came to Hamilton the women have been making a lot of the pajamas and nightgowns for many of the patients. These were formerly all bought in the Hamilton stores. As payment, the sanatorium gives the Eskimo women a choice of materials for themselves. For instance, for three pairs of children's pajamas a woman will receive material worth $2.25. From this material they make their own housecoats, pajamas, slacks and sleeper-type pajamas for the children. Even the little girls are happiest when given a needle and cloth. They make dolls' clothing, and parka-type jackets for themselves. Naturally, when such a jacket is worn, a doll travels in the carrying pouch on the mother's back.

"We're getting our own back"

The Eskimo children, like any children, pick up a new language quickly. The very young start to talk in nothing but English. This worried their elders in other parts of the sanatorium until it was arranged that some of the older Eskimo patients should visit the children for an hour a day to teach them their native language.

The adults make little effort to learn English; they are quite satisfied with their own tongue. "I think we are getting some of our own back," chuckles Norman Dean, principal of the san's school staff. "Everyone knows the attitude of the typical Anglo-Saxon toward foreign languages. The foreigner speaks English or we don't speak at all. There seems to be something of that in the Eskimo. They are a very confident people but without being smug or arrogant about it. The funny thing is, we *are* learning to speak Eskimo and finding it very interesting."

Classes in Eskimo are conducted for the staff three times a week by Raymond Gagne, languages teacher on the school staff. Gagne picked up his Eskimo from the patients; two years ago he had acquired sufficient fluency to teach it to others. "It's tough going," says Patricia Dawson, of the admitting staff, "but it's worth it just to see the bewildered faces of the new patients light up when we greet them with a word or two in their own tongue."

Being forced into learning the Eskimos' language isn't the only surprise the staff has been dealt by the Eskimo invasion. Hamilton's Mountain Sanatorium is the largest institution in the British Commonwealth for the treatment of TB. Its medical and nursing reputation has always been as impressive as its size. So it was a shock for the white-clad men and women bustling about its gleaming corridors and spotless wards to learn that the Eskimos call it an *igluyuak*—literally "imitation igloo."

But in spite of their self-assurance the Eskimos can be homesick. A few ambulant patients can always be seen on the brow of the escarpment on which the sanatorium buildings stand, gazing over the city to the harbor where the coming and going of cargo ships reminds them of the annual visit of supply ships to their own settlements at home.

The yearning for home is often complicated by the fact that modern drug therapy for tuberculosis has the patient feeling normal soon after starting treatment. In the pre-antibiotic days a TB patient knew he was ill because of loss of appetite and a lack of pep generally. Today a few shots of streptomycin and he wants to go back to work though there is actually a long campaign ahead before the germ is routed. To show the more impatient Eskimos why they have been brought to the san in the first place and must remain for months, groups are taken to the laboratory and shown a culture of TB bacilli under a microscope. "They soon catch on that something's eating them," a lab worker explains. "And they quickly understand the contagious nature of the disease—that it is safer for their families for them to be here where they will be cured."

Such explanations of course can be a help but not a cure for homesickness. An eighteen-year-old boy was seen leaving the grounds one day and hiking up the road. Gagne happened to notice the boy when he was well away from the grounds and took after him in his car. The teacher managed to talk him into returning, but there were tears in the boy's eyes, a thing almost unknown among the Eskimos.

One departure ended tragically. In February 1952 David Mikeyook, aged sixty, was admitted to the san with a small group from Great Whale River. On October 1 he was given limited walking privileges. That evening he seized his chance, then left the san, clad in pajamas, pants and a dressing gown. Although the search was widespread he was never seen alive again. On November 30 his body was found by a small boy playing in a stand of thick bush half a mile from the sanatorium. Coroner Dr. A. Mihalski said that Mikeyook had been dead only a few days.

No one will ever know what was in Mikeyook's mind that October evening; even people familiar with the Eskimo character can't agree. Some think it was the traditional willing sacrifice made by the old who refuse to allow their sickness or feebleness to become a burden on the community and quietly wander off to perish by themselves. It may have been pure homesickness that gave him the desperate hope that he might find his way back to the Arctic. No matter what his reason, Mikeyook's successful evasion of searchers, and even the usual human traffic in such a thickly populated area, was amazing in its resourcefulness and cunning.

Many of the young men show their resourcefulness less drastically. Eskimos had not been at the san many weeks when the younger ambulant patients were noticed coming in from the grounds, swinging dead rabbits in their hands. They promptly cooked their game over hot plates meant for staff tea and coffee breaks. The men had snared the rabbits on the grounds, and have been keeping their hand in ever since.

Their hunting instinct never dies. Charlie Fleming, who was brought to the san from northern Quebec, gave up trapping for a living when he found that the white man was paying $2.50 an hour to workers on the Mid-Canada radar line. More than a hundred and fifty men in his community of two hundred adult males did the same. "But we still trap and hunt on Sundays and holidays," he explains through an interpreter, "not because we have to any more but because it is what you must do whenever you can."

Charlie, like all Eskimos in the Mountain Sanatorium, was brought there as the result of an intensive TB program in which three federal government departments have been co-operating. They are the Northern Administration Branch (Eskimo) of the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources, the Welfare Division of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, and the Division of Health Services of the Department of National Health and Welfare.

Can they readjust to old ways?

Eight years ago the first X-ray units were sent into the north by plane and ship. The Eskimos laughingly allowed themselves to be placed before the large, square, innocent-looking cameras in every settlement where a unit was set up. The incidence of TB was high and hospitals in the sub-Arctic hadn't enough beds to receive all the patients the roving X-ray units were discovering. The Mountain Sanatorium at Hamilton was approached and medical superintendent Hugo Ewart was glad to report that it could take about three hundred Eskimos. The empty beds at Hamilton were proof of the losing, though still stubborn, battle the TB bug is waging against streptomycin, improved surgery and intensive case finding. (In 1956 deaths from TB in Canada were 7.8 for every hundred thousand of population; ten years ago the rate was 48.2.) At the height of the program in 1956 and 1957 there were more than three hundred Eskimos in the Hamilton San, a fact that gave the city the distinction of being one of the four largest Eskimo communities in Canada.

Bringing a Stone Age people into a twentieth-century environment thousands of miles from home has not been a mental handicap in the patients' fight for health. The mortality rate has been no higher among the Eskimos than among the white patients; the recovery rates are about the same.

"The next important question is how well they fit back into their previous way of life when they return home," Dr. Harold Pearl, assistant superintendent, points out. Pearl has been north with the case-finding teams and has seen Eskimos leave their families for the mysterious land to the south and return again completely cured. "It is still too early to give a hard and fast answer," he continues, "but so far they all seem not only willing but happy to resume their rigorous Arctic life."

No Eskimo has ever been heard to say that he would like to remain in the land of central heating, television and packaged foods. Flowers and trees, men riding horses across little screens and shooting at each other, electrically driven sewing machines are lots of fun. But for the Eskimo, as for anyone, there is no place like home. ★

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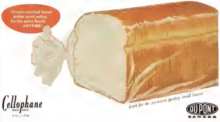
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Sherbrooke Street continued from page 17

"Life was lived here too strong to let go. The ghosts that remain are blocks of mansions"

of Wales Terrace when Edward VII slept and Sir William Macdonald put on his carpet slippers to go out and look at the fifteen million he'd spent on McGill. A high-priced surgeon calls for his Cadillac outside a medical building. The lids close on bandbox shops and crass commerce sneaks home. A debutante dons white tulle in the five-room apartment that costs six hundred dollars a month. A bachelor puts on his red carnation in the room he rents for forty. Long black cars purr to a stop outside the Ritz and Berkeley hotels and revolving doors become giddy carousels for furs and perfume. There is a hush of waiting—a sense of early-evening expectancy—and almost you can hear the clop-clop of blooded horses, smell the pungent mix of brandy and cigar smoke, see the Montreal railway kings and merchant princes who will never again race their fast turnouts, intermarry their children and flaunt fabulous fortunes under the trees that watched them come and go.

Here was their bailiwick. From the 1880s until the First World War (and income tax), magnificent gamblers picked up their winnings from the green trans-Canada betting table and lived—I mean *lived*—along one mile of Sherbrooke or the side-streets they opened around it. Mansions mushroomed like monopolies under Grand Trunk and CPR rain and ordinary citizens shielded their eyes when they read the Sherbrooke Directory: Barons Mount Stephen and Atholstan; Knights Abbott, Tait, Drummond, Hingston, Van Horne; simple millionaires Redpath (sugar), Gault (textiles), Ogilvie (grain), Wilson Smith (banking), Linton (shoes), Mackenzie, Forget, MacDougall (stockbroking), Hosmer (telegraphs and Pont), Learmont, Workman (hardware), Paton (Shedden Company agents for Grand Trunk cartage), Macdonald (tobacco)—to name a few. Seven senators and the consuls for Imperial Russia and Germany made it par for the course which extended twelve blocks east from Guy Street to Union.

Get an old Montrealer going and he'll whisper of ancient scandal, sigh over alcoholic scions, hint at deals consummated in hushed limestone that decided the future of Canada. He'll tell you of a full-blooded Chippewa squaw presented to Queen Victoria, of how Lord W ran away with the beautiful Mrs. X to trail out their lives social outcasts in Europe. He'll speak of a young but nameless patrician with the face of a reigning monarch and how he shot himself under the stigma of illegitimacy; of a great lady who flung champagne at her Prussian-born host when he proposed a sneering toast to the Allies after Montrealers drowned on the Lusitania.

This is the Sherbrooke legend—entrenched wealth, power, stories pressed in the pages of time. Life was lived here too strong to let go. The ghosts that remain are solid block upon block of mansions setting their seal on a city. Hugh MacLennan mentions the Mile in his novel Two Solitudes. He has to. No one can write about Montreal and ignore its massive brooding presence.

Today a few of the old guard still hold forty-room forts on Simpson and Ontario streets to the rear but the Sherbrooke mausoleums are converted to luxury shops—Anne de Bruxelles (chocolates), Peck's (hi-fi), Garin Gallery (Chinese jades), Lamartine Studios (Oriental antiques), Gabriel Lucas (jewelry), William Watson (art). Rents are steep. A basement with an areaway where the cook once talked to the muffin man now costs from two to five hundred dollars a month. Trade comes in by the front door but Sherbrooke is still elegant. The hotel is the Ritz, the clubs the city's most exclusive. (The Mount Royal Club confines itself to 200 prominent Montrealers, 145 equally prominent out-of-towners.) An agent for Standard Life unconsciously lowers his voice when he talks insurance in what used to be the Mackenzie Workman drawing room at No. 1245. H. Corby Distillers whispers of rye in palest blue outside 1201. The Mile is no longer Society but the widow of a Van Horne maintains the last bastion dead centre at 1139 where she resides (nobody *dines* any more) in the fifty-two rooms her husband's grandfather loaded with art treasures.

"Never buy a picture you don't fall in love with," was the advice of the CPR's second president. Sir William Van Horne's lifelong series of amours (which ended in 1915) now hangs four deep in depressing Victorian-Scotch baronial. Scores of canvases by Rubens, da Vinci, Constable, Romney, Raeburn, Goya, Franz Hals, Holbein, Titian, Magnasco, Murillo, Velasquez, jostle for space on brocade hung walls under goldleafed ceilings. Rembrandt's Young Rabbi looks with dark thoughtful eyes across the centuries—El Greco's self portrait in his Holy Family hangs hard by Zurbaran's Elizabeth of Hungary painted for Philip IV of Spain. Their present value is astronomical—one dealer rates a pair of Franz Hals at a million—yet few Montrealers know they are there. Fewer still have seen them. That Canada's greatest private collection of art should languish in gilded obscurity on Sherbrooke is entirely in keeping with the Mile's rigid hauteur.

The hauteur cracked in 1926 when Frank McKenna pioneered commerce in through the seams. Until then no retailer ventured west of Union. "I guess they were scared," reminisces McKenna, a florist with "fifty years at the bench" who looks like a leprechaun of distinction. "The Paton house was empty on the corner of Mountain. I needed a store so I moved in. Then I got scared too. I didn't dare change the frontage so I hung House of Flowers in the fanlight and filled the parlor with roses. It looked like a high-class wake when two cops walked in. They said You goin' to sell here? I said I hope so. After that we all stood around wondering what to do next."

City Hall, never at a loss since it supplied two bicycle licences to U. H. Dandurand for the first automobile on Sherbrooke, solved this delicate dilemma by billing McKenna for business tax, thus tacitly opening the Mile to trade. Since then it has flourished in greystone but remains strictly carriage. The street is rigidly zoned. The Sherbrooke Street Association, modeled on those for New York's Fifth and Park Avenues, sees bylaws are enforced and puts up a continual fight for tighter restrictions. Frontage comes high with mansion owners demanding as much as forty dollars a square foot for the land on which they stand. Surmounting all these obstacles, even the brashest builder finds something vaguely intimidating in the presence of a Renaissance horsetrough outside Stanford White's Mount Royal Club complete with two bronze lion heads spouting water for dogs, two fountains for pedestrians, and the seal of the architect's name carved in stone.

The Mile's greatest ally against the depredation that overtook Toronto's Jarvis Street is the heart of a Montrealer. Somewhere along its length he has walked with his mother, worried over his finals, courted his girl, towed his kids, admired ankles when he got old. Here in a haze of grey and green is established repose, the patina of Washington Square, the sheen of London elegance rubbed soft by time. Even the moguls seem loth to leave it. More than one late reveler claims to have heard the hoofbeats of Hugh Paton's matched thoroughbreds off to the Hunt. A tenant of the Chateau Apartments (built on the site of George Washington Stephens' mansion, Rokeby) swore off the stuff for him after he encountered the former landowner wandering through phantom Italian gardens to the still more phantom front door he kept hung with port and starboard lights so he could find the keyhole.

The past is everywhere strong on Sherbrooke. A tablet on the Metcalfe corner marks the site of Hochelaga, an Indian village visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535 and rediscovered three centuries later. Maisonneuve crossed Sherbrooke in 1643 when he climbed the gully that is Guy Street to fulfill a vow and plant the first cross on the slopes of Mount Royal. In 1694 a "mountain fort" was reinforced near Atwater to repel the Iroquois significantly and in the Sherbrooke tradition by the *Gentlemen* of St. Sulpice. Two martello towers still stand up are the oldest buildings in the city.

By the early 1800s wealthy fur traders of the North West Company such as McGill and McTavish had stashed it away in beaver and retired to sprawling country estates across what was then St. Mary's Street. Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, military governor of Canada from 1816 to 1818, dignified the meandering lane with his name about the same time another fur trader, "Copper" Browne (because he struck off his own coin to pay his voyageurs), took up residence by McGill's stream which ran down Victoria Street. But it was John Molson (beer) who pioneered Sherbrooke's future pattern in 1825 when he bought Torrance's Folly on the edge of nowhere (and St. Lawrence Main) and changed it to Belmont Hall.

An 1865 directory shows Sherbrooke stretching east from Mountain Street to St. Denis with a staid domestic society clustered around the St. Lawrence intersection and millionaires reaching west on the gilded Mile. Now Sherbrooke entered her potted palmy days. Snowshoers gathered in winter dusk at McGill's picket gates for torchlight tramps over the mountain. Mansions sprouted and the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association's grounds near Crescent disappeared under limestone. The Tuque Bleu Toboggan Club surrendered its slide down Bishop Street to St. Catherine. Young bloods raced horses at midnight from Guy Street to Union with stablemen holding the stakes. Sherbrooke tycoons complained of the paving until it broke the springs

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of the Mayor's victoria, after which things rapidly improved. The greystones entertained every celebrity from Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, through Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Kipling and Sarah Bernhardt. Guilbault opened his Gardens for Zoological and Gymnastic Display east of Park Ave. and acted as midwife to the first lion born in the city. (He sold it to P. T. Barnum.) The Mile basked and slept safe in the arms of Croesus. In white December dawn it awoke to the jingle of spurs and the baying of hounds as the Montreal Hunt rode by in full pack to wish it a merry Christmas.

In 1871 another Sherbrooke millionaire woke up to something colder than Christmas. Sir William Christopher Macdonald, a shy shabby bachelor who headed a tobacco empire and frowned on all who smoked, took a look at Montreal's Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning and decided something had to be done. The university founded by James McGill's will in 1813 with the gift of his country estate and ten thousand pounds had fought a continual battle for financial existence. Now the tight fist of a Maritime Scot opened and never closed. Sir William extended the campus north to Pine Avenue, built an entire east block for science, established scholarships, endowed chairs, and founded a sister college for agriculture, teaching domestic science on eight hundred acres at Ste. Anne de Bellevue twenty miles away. His generosity laid the foundation for modern McGill, yet he ran like a rabbit when anyone tried to thank him. Until his death in 1917 he was wont to slip out from his home in the Prince of Wales Terrace next door and wander the grounds by night, chuckling up on his fifteen million.

Today McGill is world-famous, Canada's largest private university with 6,500 students who usually include bookish pilgrims from every province in this country, every state in the Union and every nation on the globe with the exception of Soviet Russia. New buildings are still spreading north and on side streets, yet the view from the Roddick gates on Sherbrooke has changed little since my day and Arts 31. The broad avenue sweeps up through the elms to the Victorian urn that marks James McGill's grave outside the Arts Building. Victorian limestones to the east, a streamlined Redpath Library and theology's Gothic spires to the west all blend into Sherbrooke's shimmer of grey and green. Each May still finds the stately Convocation parade winding down to Montreal's loveliest street while the ghosts of a retired fur trader, Osler, Leacock, and a furtive little millionaire with his threadbare shawl perhaps peep with pride through the trees.

McGill's Royal Victoria College, the gift of Lord Strathcona and a residence for women students, marks the eastern bulwark of the Mile. A turn west brings you into an happy jumble of splendor. Here you can stay in a greystone converted to guest-home for as little as three-fifty a night, or the frostily French Ritz-Carlton Hotel for as much as fifteen dollars for a single room. (The Ritz maintains two hundred and twenty rooms and a selection of ties for male guests who enter cravatless. Tieless, they don't get in the front door.) A five-room suite in the Carcassonne towers of the Chateau Apartments rents for two hundred dollars a month up, which includes parking right in a medieval keep to the rear. The Mile goes gaily Parisienne at the Berkeley Hotel with a sidewalk café, but remembers itself in time to shut out the public with an awning and shoulder-high fence. Original apartment buildings like the Maxwelton, Acadia, Linton are sooty Victorian and devoted to doctors or old ladies supported by whalebone and the interest on gilt-edged securities. Twentieth-century chrome and black glass shelter Yvette Brillon (hats), Kastel-erichsen (Danish modern) and Holt Renfrew department store. Religious architecture is elegant but unidentifiable in three massive churches which do not prevent impeccable gentlemen from leering at girls who walk poodles.

Toward the western limit of the Mile the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts is housed in Vermont marble and purest Greek. Its impressive exterior features four Ionic columns cut and imported for a height of thirty-one feet, which makes them the largest monoliths in Canada. But it is inside that the Museum makes its impact. Here in Botticino marble are ancient glassware, Egyptian bronzes, Oriental textiles and pottery, treasures of kings long forgotten. Three rooms on the ground floor lovingly recreate life in early French Canada. The labyrinth of galleries upstairs contains works by masters of every important school since the 14th century and includes two Rembrandts, two El Grecos, Daumiers, and Corots. Cézanne's Road in Provence, Renoir's Neapolitan Girl's Head, Matisse's Woman at the Window are here. Canadian painting is well represented from Krieghoff through Emily Carr and the Group of Seven to modern contemporaries.

Who is it?

Her company didn't wow the West End but she did. Turn to page 38 to find out who this girl grew up to be.

With its two distinct strains Montreal is probably the most culture-conscious city in Canada. French- and English-speaking citizens find one of their common grounds in the Museum. Exhibitions are crowded. So are day and night art classes, afternoon teas, Wednesday Evenings free to the public with special lectures and films. The annual *Fete des Fleurs* drew three hundred entries last May from amateur flower-arrangers, two hundred exhibits by professionals. The Museum Ball two years ago brought Life photographers from New York to capture a social high-spot and six hundred guests against a lush Edwardian decor of black, gold, white marble, and the Fusiliers de Mont Royal in full scarlet regimentals. With all this going on and Montreal's art centre permeating cultural life, its present director John Steegman will never have to say at a civic luncheon—as did an official similarly placed in Chicago—"You all know where the art museum is—just across the street from the Peoples Gas Building."

One of the most calmly wonderful things about Sherbrooke is what lies unsuspected behind walls. Thick masonry near Atwater encloses the Montreal College with high school and classical courses for boys, and the Grand Seminary which provides four years training for secular priests. But there is more here, much more. Ploughed farmland in fields worth millions, sylvan retreats, a pond fed by the spring that refreshed the Sulpicians in their original mountain Mission of 1676. In 1694 Abbé François Viscomte de Belmont fortified it with stone against Iroquois threat. Two of his four circular towers remain. Marguerite Bourgeoys used the easternmost as a schoolhouse prior to her death at eighty in 1700. Under the other are buried two Huron converts, one of them baptized by the martyred Brebeuf.

Looking up at the towers from the street, you feel an overwhelming sense of history—of pioneer life and painful death. These few valuable square miles on Sherbrooke are one of the last holdings of the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice, feudal seigneurs of most of the island in 1663. In 1937 bad investments brought them to the verge of bankruptcy and the Province of Quebec, with a long and grateful memory for the past, guaranteed an amount up to five million with Sulpician real-estate as security. The Gentlemen still hold a few scattered remnants of land, including their walled stretch where soutanes are reflected in a quiet pond under Lombardy poplars and boys bat a baseball past a statue of St. Joseph. Diagonally across the street the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame carries on the great tradition of its foundress, Montreal's first schoolmistress. Here under Sherbrooke's leafy green is an abiding sense of selflessness, sacrifice, serenity.

Serenity too behind thick walls to the east near St. Denis Street where I talked to a sweet-faced nun in the Monastere du Bon Pasteur, which is not a monastery at all but a cloistered convent. The building is more than a century old, spacious, its cheap framed oak hand-polished to gold. The nun was anonymous behind an iron grille, a small white bird singing love. The order's headquarters, she said, were in Angers, France. Its chief work here in Quebec: the rehabilitation of delinquent girls sent by the courts.

"But we do not think of them like that. To us they are pupils." She leaned forward shyly, imparting a secret of greatest joy. "Tomorrow one of our graduates will be married. Here in our chapel—is it not wonderful, Madame? She has no family so we will give her a wedding. We have asked our gardener to act as her father."

Wonderful indeed, I agreed, and felt an unexpected lump in my throat as I went out to the street from cloisters aflutter with excitement as other little white birds cooked, scrubbed, prepared to give a graduate her happiest day.

All along its length Sherbrooke refreshes the spirit with grace: in four great hospitals, in churches of all faiths—some mellow with time, some thrusting stark lines of limestone against the blue sky. In the Jewish Community Services, in Mont St. Antoine where Brothers of Charity work with boys who would otherwise go to prison. In St. Margaret's Home, whose Anglican sisters care for elderly women in the home that sheltered William Notman, Canadian pioneer in photography. In green jewels of park set in city stone—Westmount's twenty-six acres, Angrignon with its zoo, LaFontaine where you can row a boat in a lagoon or watch live theatre under the summer stars. In the Montreal Botanical Garden, which is as big as London's Kew or the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris and deserves a paragraph to itself.

The garden covers 260 city acres and combines Gallic practicality with vistas to lift the heart. To begin with it is not one garden but scores and includes an alpinum, aquatic plants, an arboretum, lakes, nurseries, a mineralogical station, kitchen gardens, medicinal herbs and a complete collection of flora known to the North American Indians. Here you can stroll by fountains in the formality of Versailles, see a section devoted to poisonous plants, climb crags silver with edelweiss, or simply bask on a bench and feast on beauty. The whole garden reflects thought, tenderness. Three hundred schoolchildren come every morning to tend their small plots. Toddlers attend special classes where wide young eyes see nature unfold. The practicality asserts itself in the School of Horticultural Apprenticeship whose graduates are snapped up as fast as they emerge from their three-year course by commercial firms, private estates and park bureaus, municipalities across the continent. The Garden answers all inquiries by mail—if you want a plant identified send a good specimen and tell where you found it. It also gives public lectures and classes, goes on rural TV Sunday nights and welcomes a hundred thousand visitors a month during summer. I hope some of them, like myself, discovered the peace of its monastery garden where cedar waxwings sing on the scented silence.

What gives Sherbrooke, winding eight miles through a city, its sense of an urban tranquility? Time. Trees. The coziness of English-speaking suburbs

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Quaint French Canadian smiles, the little family jokes of a people bound close by language and faith. Polite policemen, busy folk much too busy to share enthusiasm. Like Jules Bazin, Director of the Municipal Library, who shoved papers aside on his desk to show me his latest treasure.

"*Singularités de la France Antarctique*," he announced, caressing worn pages beautifully bound. "Published in Paris, 1558, and the second book after Cartier to mention Canada. We have others equally old."

Standing in a wide sunny room, I held *Les Véritables Motifs*, published in 1643 and explaining the heaven-sent reasons for the founding of Montreal. I saw original documents bearing the signatures of Maisonneuve, Jeanne Mance, Champlain, Lambert Closse, the first town major of Ville Marie. Here is the living story of a city's birth. Here too are first editions of the Jesuit Relations on which Parkman founded his history, the first books printed in Indian, the first broadsides, charts, pamphlets of a walled town that grew by a river. In 1910 the Library purchased the Gagnon collection for three hundred thousand dollars. Today it is priceless, the finest early Canadiana extant. A proud past is served here in neo-classic marble. So is a progressive present, with a staff cheerfully bilingual, limitless research facilities and an annual circulation of over a million.

I mention bilingualism because Sherbrooke, like Montreal itself, is divided sharply at St. Denis Street into two distinct worlds. In the east any French Canadian you meet will make a stab at English. Maybe not good, but enthusiastic. (In the library, the Garden, all civic centres both languages are fluent.) Here you are swept along on a wave of sheer Gallic ebullience, a willingness to experiment, exhilaration in being alive—which is perhaps why there is a French Canada. In the west you enter a solid Anglo-Saxon stronghold. Around four o'clock you can almost smell the tea brewing in Westmount.

This city within a city has a population of 29,000 and an assessed value of over $75,000,000, as well as a floral Union Jack outside its City Hall on Sherbrooke. Significantly, Westmounters know their worth to the cent. Their council is elected by acclamation, serves without pay and casts a bright pure light on the murk of Montreal politics. With metropolitan government mooted, it's doubtful how long this happy autonomy can last. Meanwhile you can't buy liquor within the limits, small boys call you sir and everyone waters the lawn at night. A recent proposal to build an artificial ice rink on an unused corner of parkland almost precipitated revolution, with outraged citizens prepared to chain themselves to the threatened elms—which gives you some idea. I live in Westmount and love it.

Sherbrooke stops being High Street when it comes to Notre Dame de Grace, a busy suburb where it serves as an artery of commerce. In adjoining Montreal West the street meets an abrupt and ignominious end by running smack into a CPR crossing. The east with its Gallic flare stages things better. Here Sherbrooke leads you from urban stone past fields, farms, cemeteries, shrines, the reek of oil refineries and the smoke of cement plants to wide space that narrows as rivers meet. Where three of them merge under Charlemagne bridge, the old lady lets go your hand.

"I'm tired," she seems to say. "I've traveled eighteen miles and seen a city grow from the wilderness. I've melded two cultures, spoken two languages, watched two races learn to live together as Canadians. But if you cross here there's more on the other side. Three Rivers . . . Quebec . . ."

Always along Sherbrooke is this promise of something more and enchantment around the corner. Always the promise is fulfilled. In the dramatic sweep from St. Denis Street east, in courtesy and Gallic sparkle; in serenity to the west, English hominess, solid virtue. Most of all on the splendid central Mile, when street lamps gleam through the twilight and mansions blend into haze.

This is the section dear to the true Montrealer. Here he returns after being away from the city and, walking familiar pavement, knows nothing has changed. Here too he can hear the echoing past—the slur of moccasined feet, the tap of McGill's cane, the rumble of millionaires' carriages.

And if, standing beside a railed horse trough, he catches a woman's rippling laughter, the rustle of trailing skirts, the fragrance of hothouse violets—then he knows he has really come home. To green of elms, grey of stone and the magic of Sherbrooke Street's dusk. ★

If we had free trade with Britain

continued from page 21

HEAVY ELECTRICAL MACHINERY can be made more cheaply in Britain and still more cheaply in Switzerland than in Canada. British exports have been snapping up many Canadian contracts from the home manufacturer, notably in the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission's development of St. Lawrence Seaway power. James S. Duncan, Ontario Hydro Chairman, is also chairman of the Dollar Sterling Trade Council and a great advocate of more trade with Britain; he was deputy leader of the Canadian mission that toured the British Isles in December, and he has placed massive orders for British generators and similar heavy equipment. Canadian-made generators are protected by a fairly substantial tariff — fifteen percent against British products, twenty-two and a half against foreign—but they will get very serious competition from the highly skilled and not-so-highly paid British workman. To keep what business they have, Canadian makers of heavy equipment have cut their prices, sometimes to less than half the price of comparable American equipment.

Far from welcoming free trade with the British, Canadian electrical manufacturers feel they ought to get more protection than they have now. They have not, however, made any formal application yet for such an increase in protection. Some other Canadian manufacturers have done so, and with very good prospect of success.

WOOLEN TEXTILES, perhaps the lamest duck in Canadian industry, had a hearing before the Canadian Tariff Board in November, its second in three years. The Tariff Board was asked by the government for a quick report, and was trying to have one ready before the end of January. Reason for the haste: Canada wants to re-negotiate the tariff on woolen cloth, bound under GATT by an agreement that runs out next June. It is a foregone conclusion that a higher tariff will be recommended.

"The mere suggestion of reducing or eliminating the tariff on British cotton makes Canadian textile men turn pale"

Virtually all the competition threatening the Canadian woolen industry comes from Britain. The tariff against British woolen cloth is limited to a maximum of fifty cents a pound, compared to a dollar against foreign cloth. In spite of this tariff disadvantage, British cloth already accounts for nearly half of all woolen sales in Canada, and the Canadian industry claims to be on the brink of ruin.

If Canada had free trade with Britain there is little doubt that the Canadian woolen textile industry would be extinguished. It employs about twelve thousand people in nearly two hundred factories, mostly in small towns of Ontario and Quebec.

COTTON TEXTILES are not as hard hit by British competition as are the woolen mills. Cotton imports come mainly from the United States and have to surmount a slightly higher tariff than the British Preference rate. There seems to be no plan to re-negotiate cotton tariffs in the talks now in progress at Geneva; they will probably remain as they are now.

However, the mere suggestion of reducing or eliminating the tariff on British cotton makes Canadian textile men turn pale. Only about a third of Canadian textile imports come from Britain now, but if the seventeen and a half percent tariff were removed that proportion would undoubtedly swell.

Canadian cotton mills number about eighty and employ about twenty thousand people. It is not likely they would all be put out of business by free trade with Britain, but some would be ruined and all would be very hard pressed.

SYNTHETIC TEXTILES have the advantage of using Canadian raw material in some cases (rayon, for instance) and some of their forty-odd mills could survive unrestricted competition with Britain. Others would be knocked out. On balance the industry would not be as hard hit as the woolen but probably harder than the cotton industry. Many of its thirteen thousand workers would be looking for new jobs.

SECONDARY TEXTILE industries, such as clothing, would have no cause to complain at the removal of tariffs on cloth; they'd get cheaper raw material. However, this would be cold comfort for the removal of the tariff on British clothing, which is now twenty-five percent on most items. "Secondary textiles" are a very loose category, covering everything from silk dresses to pup tents, and it is hard to guess how many of their hundred thousand workers would be affected by free trade with Britain, but the fraction would be high.

Of course the Canadian textile industry is notoriously weak and notoriously vulnerable to British competition. Anyone could have foreseen that this would be one area where free trade with Britain would create severe and special problems.

Others, like steel and industrial machinery, seem to get their competition mainly from the U.S. Canada buys eight times as much steel from the U.S. as from Britain, and nine times as much industrial machinery.

Indeed this is the field most often mentioned as one in which Canadian imports could be diverted from the U.S. to Britain in accordance with the prime minister's expressed wish. When the Canadian trade mission left for Britain in November, Gordon Churchill, minister of trade and commerce, gave an interview for BBC television. Asked what particular items the Canadians hoped to buy in larger volume, he mentioned iron and steel products as the leading example.

In fact, though, these heavy industries are more alarmed by British competition than by American. This fact was discovered by the studies undertaken for the Gordon Commission on Economic Prospects. It has also been urged upon the Canadian Tariff Board, which last June recommended a set of tariff changes that will have a net effect of increasing tariff protection, especially against British goods.

BASIC IRON AND STEEL tariffs are being re-negotiated by the Canadian delegation in Geneva at the present time, along the lines of the Tariff Board report. The reason why imports from Britain are a greater threat than the much larger imports from the United States is quite simple. American steel comes in over a tariff barrier that keeps prices high enough for Canadian steel plants to meet them. British steel comes in under a British Preference rate that varies from item to item but in all cases is much lower than the rate against American steel. Many British items come in free.

Canadian steel men have no objection to imports as such. Canada is only able to supply three quarters of her own steel requirements, and must buy the other quarter abroad. But when, as at present, these imports can be brought in from Britain at lower than Canadian prices, there is no limit to the inroads they might be able to make here.

Tin plate is an ironic example. When the Canadian trade mission visited a British steel plant in Wales, Gordon Churchill remarked that Canada was a potential market for tin plate. The reaction in Hamilton, Ont., was immediate: steel company spokesmen said Canada could supply all her own needs. Tin plate now comes in free from Britain; after the tariff is re-negotiated the British Preference rate will be ten percent.

INDUSTRIAL MACHINERY is in the same position. Canadian manufacturers now supply less than half the market here, and ninety percent of the balance comes from the U.S. But again the price competition is British, because of the low British Preference tariff.

Steel is one of Canada's big industries—fifty companies employ about thirty-five thousand men, with about sixty plants in six provinces. Industrial machinery is a smaller industry but a widely distributed one: more than three hundred individual firms, mostly Canadian owned and mostly small, employing a total of twenty-three thousand people.

Steel men making their case before the Tariff Board said it is possible for British steelmakers to send their wares by sea to Vancouver and move them east by rail as far as Medicine Hat, Alta., before [illegible] catch up and they have to charge as high as Canadian prices.

What is true of heavy industry is equally true of light.

FOOTWEAR is made in Canada by plants employing twenty-five thousand people. There was a time when Canadian rubber footwear had an export market of its own, and was sold in sixty countries, but that time is long past. The Canadian product has priced itself out of foreign markets. It is limited by British import restrictions, but the limitation is purely theoretical: the industry can't sell more than fifteen percent of its quota in Britain because it can't meet British prices. It has great trouble meeting them in Canada too, in spite of some moderate tariff protection. Free trade with Britain would undoubtedly put a large fraction of the Canadian shoe industry out of business.

MISCELLANEOUS small manufacturers not only suffer from British import competition but have special reasons for resentment against the British govern-

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ment. They have been excluded ever since the war from whatever British market they may once have had. The Nicholson File Company of Port Hope, Ont., used to do a fairly thriving trade in Britain but now the British workmen who knew and preferred the Nicholson file are dying or retiring; to recapture the market would be a major effort.

Even more exasperating was the fate of Canadian skate makers who used to sell in Britain. They were barred by British import restrictions. British firms began to make their own skates and now these British skates are coming into Canada to compete with the home product.

Altogether at least one third of the million and a quarter Canadians employed in manufacturing would be affected by free trade with Britain. How many would actually have to find new jobs is anybody's guess; some industries would fold up, others might do better than they think in the face of British competition. But it would not be an exaggerated guess that a hundred thousand, and perhaps twice that many, would be looking for other work by the time free trade with Britain became complete.

That would not, of course, be suddenly. It was made clear from the very outset that Britain was not proposing immediate free trade. Instead the suggestion was that the tariffs and other restrictions be removed gradually over a period of ten to fifteen years. Britain promised moreover that the British restrictions would be removed first.

Meanwhile presumably there would be expansion in other Canadian industries, the ones that can meet foreign competition and the others that could meet it if they had a bigger market.

Another point that is seldom mentioned: free trade with Britain would mean lower prices for the things we all have to buy. Clothing is now protected by a twenty-five-percent tariff; presumably it would cost only three quarters of what it does now if the tariff were removed. But apparently Canadians think first of their interest as producers, and not at all of their interest as consumers, when they think about trading with other countries.

If we did think of ourselves as buyers we might begin to ask how much it costs to go on buying Canadian goods when the same thing can be bought more cheaply abroad. Those Canadians who do produce cheaply might get tired of paying for the support of their compatriots who don't.

And if that time ever comes, no doubt some political party will take up the British free-trade offer and make an issue of it, demanding that it be not merely "studied" but accepted. But there's nothing to indicate that the time has come now. ★

For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"To make 'controversial' equal 'infamous' only helps the police"

great complexity and what the chiefs of staff say about it must be accepted by rational men not because it is necessarily right but because it is the best opinion available.

However, when it comes to the question of how much money we should spend on the armed forces, the situation is different. I doubt that the average man can form an intelligent opinion on the absolute sum, but he can certainly form one on the proportion of the total revenue of the government that should be devoted to armament. At present that proportion is tremendously high, and one of the chief problems of statecraft is how to reduce it without dangerously weakening national security.

No prudent man will strike a holier-than-thou attitude in this matter of conformity. Liberal or conservative, wise or simple, naive or sophisticated, we are all more or less vulnerable to catch phrases; the difference is that we are not all trapped by the same ones. The man who responds to "rugged individualism" is repelled by "the welfare state" and vice versa. In me, "free private enterprise" arouses suspicion, but I am aware that if you offer me any proposition under the guise of "freedom of speech" I am partially disarmed and open to suggestions of doubtful validity that would never catch me off guard if they were presented in other terms. So it is not for me to laugh when I see my neighbor bewitched by the magic words "national defense" into tolerating invasions of his personal liberty that a well-trained poodle ought to resent.

This human tendency is familiar to every journalist who has reached the grade of master craftsman. Making skillful use of it is one secret of his trade, a means by which he can, if he is an honest man, do splendid work in promoting the general welfare. Unfortunately, if he is a crook the same means will enable him to perpetrate injuries limited only by the height of his skill and the depth of his villainy. On the other hand, a reader who is keenly aware of this trait in his own nature is fortified against it and is usually a tough subject for the propagandist.

The merit of conformity ends with its value in preventing waste of time and energy. It is regrettable that there is any excuse for making the statement. The average man ought to regard the assertion that there is no virtue in nonconformity as on a level with a solemn assurance that the sun really does rise in the east, never in the west.

Unfortunately that is not the case. You can hardly pick up a newspaper without seeing an account of how some meeting was forbidden or some speaker was refused a hearing on the ground that the topic to be discussed was "controversial." Only a few months ago a great deal of money was spent advertising the launching of a new magazine which its sponsors claimed would be different from any other periodical because it would carry nothing "controversial."

It is my considered opinion that in all the records of the fantastic there is nothing more ridiculous than the idea of a magazine worth reading that carries nothing controversial. It means, of course, that the magazine will contain nothing to provoke thought, for whatever provokes thought is of necessity open to question; that is, controversial. What you already know calls for no thought; it is the hitherto undiscovered truth that demands mental exercise, which is to say it is controversial by definition.

This effort to make "controversial" equal "infamous" has one and only one sound reason behind it, which is to make things easier for the police. If meanings are to be extended, let "police" be extended to cover a great deal more than the man in a blue uniform patrolling the streets; let it cover all regulators of conduct and expression, including the traffic officer under a cap, of course, but including also the governor under a silk hat, the college president under a mortarboard and the bishop under a mitre. Let it include anybody who is considered and considers himself in any degree responsible for the maintenance of law and order.

Such authorities naturally deplore controversy, for controversy means that they must go into action and going into action always means hard work and sometimes means risking defeat and humiliation. One should not attribute moral turpitude to them on this account. It is only human to dislike harassment and vexation. The official charged with the duty of sustaining any kind of orthodoxy would be more, or less, than human if he looked upon the heterodox with favor. Nevertheless the growing tendency to regard whatever is controversial as somehow immoral cannot inure to the benefit of anyone except the police. This holds good in every phase of life, beginning with government itself.

This does not imply that government is intrinsically or even relatively evil. It is the writer's firm conviction that democracy is the best form of government so far devised by the wit of man, but from this premise either of two equally valid inferences may be drawn. One is that democracy is good government; the other is that the wit of man is a feeble instrument. To my way of thinking the fact that millions of us have drawn the first inference without even considering the second is one of the great weaknesses of democracy. Anything that is approved as nearly unanimously as democracy is approved is in danger of growing stale unless it is occasionally refreshed; it begins to change its nature, very subtly perhaps, but very definitely. Sometimes unless the process is checked the approved idea turns into its opposite.

Here is the point, stated in more decorous and more beautiful language than I can command: "We should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe fraught with death." That is Mr. Justice Holmes summing his memorable argument for freedom of opinion. Holmes was one of the most learned men in the United States, but he said: "Every year if not every day we have to wager our salvation on some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge." It follows that the very opinion we loathe and believe fraught with death may contain the more perfect knowledge that would affect our salvation.

Yet even Holmes had to admit a qualification. Immediately after the words quoted above he conceded that sometimes expressions of wrong opinions may "so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country."

There is the loophole through which tyranny may yet creep in to seize the stronghold of liberty.

Must we assume, then, that our present tendency to suppress nonconformist opinion lest it vanquish and destroy truth represents a degeneration that proves us unworthy sons of our great forefathers? I do not think so. I not only hope, I truly believe that our yielding to the terrors that beset us can be adequately accounted for on somewhat less melancholy grounds.

After all, why did Milton and Jefferson—those champions of freedom—find it necessary to thunder so resoundingly? Obviously because the opposite opinion prevailed among a great many people in their day. Neither would have defended freedom of opinion had it not been threatened. So if it is appropriate in our day to echo their "hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man," the worst that can be said of our generation is that it has not advanced much.

Still, that is bad enough. It is a sobering thought that today, even as when Mill wrote a hundred years ago, and when Jefferson wrote a hundred and fifty years ago, and when Milton wrote, three hundred years ago, the really terrible foe of liberty remains not any Caesar or Sultan or Great Khan but the perennial, apparently indestructible "servility of mankind." ★

Copyright © 1958 by Gerald W. Johnson. This article in expanded form will appear in his forthcoming book Peril and Promise (Harper).

Answer to
Who is it? on page 34

Barbara Chilcott, who won brilliant notices when Toronto's Crest Theatre staged The Glass Cage in London last spring. The play wasn't a success but Miss Chilcott was; she stayed to play one of several London roles.

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How I became an unknown with my first novel

continued from page 19

"Maybe Hollywood will make a musical out of it," said Uncle Jake

used to make fun of? Remember?"

"No. I don't remember him."

"He owns his own home in Outremont now."

"When I was your age," my Uncle Sydney said, "I was married with two kids."

"Mickey Spillane," my Uncle Albert said. "There's a writer for you."

Few days later another American publisher had turned down my novel. So I began to search the want-ad columns in earnest but I soon discovered that my prospects were pretty punk. I was too old to be an office boy and I didn't know how to drive a car. I had no industrial skills. Any personnel manager seemed to be able to tell with one shrewd glance that I wasn't "bright, ambitious, and eager to learn." But once I nearly landed a job editing a fashion trade journal. When it came down to the final interview, however, the boss said, "You don't look like you're truly interested in girdles."

One evening a few weeks and a couple of rejections later, I ran into an old friend. When we had been kids together Herby's mother had always used to point me out and say, "Why can't you make good marks in school like he does?" I guess Herby never forgot that, or the fact that when we had both been members of the YMHA Chemistry Club I had convinced him that he could gold plate his mother's sterling silver tea set simply by soaking it for two hours in a mixture of mustard and sulphuric acid—which got him into trouble at home afterward. Anyway, we got into his Buick and drove out to Miss Montreal for dinner. Finally it came. "Did you do much writing in Europe, kid?"

"I guess so."

"Publish anything?"

I quickly told him what I thought about editors. I said my writing wasn't commercial. I pointed out that I didn't get the usual printed rejection slips but personal notes from editors always asking if they could see more of my work.

"Sure," he said, "but have you published anything, kid?"

"No."

"Well," he said, "some people hit it off right away. Others struggle for years." He drove me home. "Some day," he said, "I'm sure you'll be famous, kid. I'll bet you'll be another Ellery Queen."

"I don't write detective stories, kid."

"Well," he said, "whatever you write, I'm sure you'll be tops. I'll bet you're another Kathleen Norris in the making."

When I got home I found that a special-delivery air-mail letter had arrived from my agent in London. Andre Deutsch Ltd, the British publishers, had made an offer for my novel. A conditional one, however. They would publish The Acrobats if I agreed to do more work on it. Attached were several pages of critical notes that had been compiled by Diana Athill, the fiction editor, and Walter Allen, the critic. I was offered an advance of a hundred pounds (approximately two hundred and seventy-five dollars)—fifty pounds on signature of contract and another fifty once my revisions had been completed and found acceptable. I sent an immediate cable of acceptance.

"I don't get you," my Uncle Jake said. "You put two years into writing a book and now you're happy because some jerk in London has offered you a lousy two fifty for it. You could have earned more than that cutting my lawn."

I explained that the hundred pounds represented an advance against royalties. Once the novel was published I would be paid a royalty of ten percent on the first three thousand copies sold and twelve and a half percent on any sales above that figure. The book was still free to sell in the United States and in translation elsewhere.

"Maybe Hollywood will make a musical out of it," my Uncle Jake said. "That's where the money is."

I got a job at last working as a news editor for the CBC in Montreal. As I didn't go on duty until four p.m. I was free to work on revisions of my novel all day. The revisions took me two months, and by the time an acceptance came from London I had saved enough money for my return fare to Europe. I planned to live and start work on my second novel in London where my expenses would not be nearly so high as they were in Montreal. Andre Deutsch wrote me that The Acrobats would be published in April 1954, a wait of ten months. Since I was a Canadian myself and he was counting on a large Canadian sale for the book, he asked me to visit the Canadian distributor of the book in Toronto before I sailed.

Thought for Feb. 2

While winter's frigid sluggish pace
Makes mincemeat of the human race
With logic absolutely sound
The groundhog stays below the ground
Aloof from malice, grief, remorse,
Installment buying and recourse
To welfare, head colds, overweight.
Well, maybe Man should hibernate.

P. J. BLACKWELL

I arrived in Toronto early one June morning in 1953 in the midst of an awful heatwave. What I had anticipated was the lavish reception, the literary cocktail party, but what I got instead was an interview with the distributor. Before him on his desk lay a manuscript copy of my novel. A good start, I thought, settling back to absorb praise with a modest smile.

"Well, Mr. Richler," were the man's first words, "have you written a thick book?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"This is Canada. Thick books sell better than thin books here."

"Oh. Oh, I see. Have you read the book?"

"I'm told it's anti-Canadian."

"What?"

"I understand that it's set in Spain and that the central character is a young Canadian painter who doesn't like living in Canada."

"Maybe you ought to read the book," I said.

"If there are any bad words in it we're going to have trouble with the libraries."

"Couldn't you read it?" I said. "It's not such a long book."

I was taken downstairs to the warehouse and shown some of the books that were distributed from there. The thick ones were handed down with pride for me to feel, the thin ones were passed over with a sigh. Afterward at lunch I was instructed in some of the harder facts of Canadian book publishing.

There are only between forty and fifty English-language bookshops in Canada and this, a generous figure, includes department-store book counters and so forth. Most of the publishers here are actually distributors for British and American publishers. Imported books from the U.S. account for approximately seventy percent of all book sales in Canada and about half the books sold in this country are sold in Toronto, although Montreal is a better book town on a per capita basis. There are only five or six true publishers of Canadian books—that is, companies that can bring out books on their own, irrespective of pre-publication deals with England or the U.S. A sale of one thousand copies, or better, of a serious novel by a Canadian writer is considered good going although Adele Wiseman, I'm told, has sold more than five thousand copies of The Sacrifice in Canada. No serious Canadian novelist — including Morley Callaghan and Hugh MacLennan — is able to support himself strictly on the sale of his novels in Canada.

The distributor of my book was prepared to risk a first order of four hundred copies for all of Canada. Since my original publisher was British and I would be paid a royalty of ten percent on the basis of the British export and not the Canadian bookshop price, I stood to earn a total of twelve pounds, or approximately thirty-two dollars, if the first order sold out in Canada.

Somewhat dampened in spirit, I sailed for England to begin work on my new novel. My first novel, at the time, was still going the rounds of the New York publishers. Most of them didn't care for it. One editor wrote: "The Acrobats is all wine and women but no song." Finally, on its eighth time out, The Acrobats found an American publisher. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, was willing to take a chance on me. They paid me a sorely needed advance of seven hundred and fifty dollars, and wrote that they planned to publish the book in the late August of 1954. They had high hopes for it, and were going ahead with a first printing of five thousand copies.

Meanwhile, in London, there was trouble. A morality campaign of sorts was going on, and several doubtful books had been withdrawn by publishers. At the time a case was pending in the courts against William Heinemann, a very reputable publisher. The company that prints books for Andre Deutsch took one look at The Acrobats and got themselves a lawyer. (In England, printers as well as publishers are liable in the event of any legal action.) The printer's lawyer wrote, in effect, that my novel was blasphemous, salacious, and sordid, and he would not advise his client to print it in its present form. So Andre Deutsch got a lawyer too. He read the book and said ... well, it's outspoken. Several words and offensive phrases could be deleted without harming the content, and so it was up to me. I agreed to make the necessary deletions. This was not the end of it, however. For when the book finally appeared many provincial booksellers refused to take copies. Others hid it under the counter. One of the country's two leading lending libraries refused to stock the book at all and the second immediately put it on an "on demand" basis. This meant they wouldn't display it but would supply it to the shifty types who asked for the book.

I was at the time not idle. I worked deeper into my second novel while waiting for the first one to appear. Early in February the sales manager of Andre Deutsch Ltd told me that the advance sale on The Acrobats was good. A total of two thousand copies, including the Canadian order of four hundred, represented the pre-publication sale. One book buyer, looking at the title, barely ordered twenty-five copies. "Those circus books always go like crazy," he said. Nobody contradicted him.

There was more good news to come. Putnam proofs of my novel were available two months prior to publication and my agent began to send them out to foreign publishers. Rather quickly the book was bought for translation by publishers in four countries. Advances against royalties from Germany, Norway, Denmark and Sweden came to five hundred and forty-five dollars. This raised my total earnings on the book to fifteen hundred and sixty-seven dollars (less ten percent agent's commission) and the book wasn't even out anywhere yet. Shortly afterward my American publisher wrote to say Popular Library Inc, a paperback house, had offered a one thousand dollar advance for The Acrobats. As reprint money is split fifty-fifty with the original publisher that meant five hundred dollars for me but not for some time. There was one condition to the sale, however. Popular Library wanted to change the title to Wicked We Love and that's what the book was called when the paperback edition appeared, bosomy girl on the jacket and all, eighteen months later.

This, without a doubt, was the peak period for me in the history of my first novel. It's true there were a couple of minor irritations. Once, perhaps, Wallace Reyburn wrote from London in the Toronto Telegram: "A young Canadian here, Mordecai Richler, has a first novel coming out soon that ought to take both sides of the Atlantic by storm. I never heard of her before." To this my first newspaper employer, the Montreal Herald, replied: "Mordecai Richler ought to punch Miss Reyburn on the snoot." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, sent me a copy of their fall catalogue. They were, at the time, trying a new experiment in book selling. If you didn't enjoy a Putnam book your bookseller would return you the money. Only two books in the fall catalogue failed to carry this guarantee. Mine and another young writer's.

But, all the same, I was halfway through my second novel, I had money in the bank and my first novel was about to appear in seven countries. All there was to do, I figured, was sit back and wait for critics and public to take notice.

I waited, and notice was taken, but not quite the kind of notice I had anticipated.

The day after The Acrobats had been published in England I wandered down Charing Cross Road, the street of bookshops, confident that it would be displayed in every window. It was displayed in none. Only in Foyles, the world's largest bookshop, did I find a stack of The Acrobats. There it was on a long table with nineteen other fresh stacks of novels—the twenty new novels of the week.

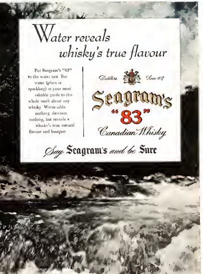
That week-end I searched all the major British newspapers and magazines for reviews. There were none. The next week I got my first mention. The Manchester Guardian listed The Acrobats among "books received." But I waited three weeks for my first review. It appeared in the Spectator, and it was not a bad one. John Metcalf wrote:

> Mr. Richler (of Canada) is trying hard in Valencia to be old and disillusioned and European. At twenty-two this is not very easy, even for so distinguished a talent as Mr. Richler's. No doubt about it, this is an astonishing little book. . . . Mr. Richler has a fire and a frenzy all his own which, when they truly take hold of his characters, produce a powerful effect. . . . the failure to find an answer is what The Acrobats is about. And as such—as the work of a worried, whirling, overtired young man who is prepared to face up to not seeing the way out—this book should be looked at, and looked at by a lot of people. . . . He has real talent.

There were no other important reviews and The Acrobats never sold more than the advance order of two thousand copies in England.

When the novel appeared in Canada a couple of months later Walter O'Hearne wrote in the Montreal Star:

> Why do very young writers insist upon getting such novels as this not out of their systems but into print? And why indeed do publishers encourage them? Mr. Richler, who is 22 years old, and who, from the evidence of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this book has a Montreal background, is a young man with considerable talent. At some time in the future he may write novels of real distinction. The present work, however, is a combination of promise, precocity and of adolescent morbidity.

But the book did get some good Canadian reviews, notably from Nathan Cohen on the CBC, and it gradually sold two hundred copies across the country.

Broke again and somewhat disheartened, I packed up and went to Munich where my German publisher owed me two hundred and seventy dollars. Living in a rented room I managed to spread the money over three months and complete the first draft of my second novel. Then I returned to London to get married. I married Catherine Boudreau of St Catharines, Ont., and two days after the ceremony she went out to work.

The Acrobats did even worse in the U.S. It was, as they say, not widely reviewed. I got a rave review in the Miami Herald. I have my picture, the headline REMEMBER THIS NAME and below MORDECAI RICHLER, but Time magazine took no notice and the New York Times critic wrote:

On the whole this depressing story is well told; its most violent and tasteless episodes give evidence of originality and a good eye and ear. With this novel out of his system Mr Richler's second one may be an entirely mature and rewarding book.

The only good and important U.S. review I got came from W. G. Rogers, the Associated Press critic, who wrote: "Fiery convulsion, zest, and an uncommon intensity make this an outstanding first novel."

The book sold something more than nine hundred copies and when the paperback money came through I was not given my share. I had not earned my original advance against royalties of seven hundred and fifty dollars and so the paperback money was credited to my debit account against the firm.

My family began to apply pressure again.

Advertising, my Uncle Jake wrote, that's where the money is.

I borrowed a copy of your book the other day, my old friend Herby wrote, and I think it's terrible.

Maybe you shouldn't write under your own name, my Uncle Sydney wrote. After all, the family.

My father wrote that he'd made the night watchman buy a copy. But he didn't care for the book himself. I wouldn't recommend it for children, he wrote.

There was one bright ray of hope. The Kinsey Institute wrote to ask for a copy of the novel. Why, I never found out. But one was dispatched immediately.

Then, as The Acrobats began to appear in translation, the story was the same. Spotty reviews, bad sales. Only in Germany, where the book sold nearly a thousand copies, did I earn a royalty beyond my initial advance. Two years after The Acrobats was first published there I got a cheque for twenty-seven dollars.

This, however, is not as bad as you think. For every six months I still get bills from G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It appears I still owe them $5.96 for some extra copies of my book that I ordered. My last royalty statement from New York cost me a good deal of sleep. It covered the last six months of 1956 and in that period two copies of The Acrobats had been sold. One Domestic and another Orient. For nights I was kept awake thinking who in the hell do I know in the Orient? Who bought my book there? Was it sold in China, Japan or Burma? Would it be possible to trace the buyer? Shouldn't we correspond? Or did he perhaps buy the book in error?

When I returned to Montreal again this autumn—this time after an absence of four years—I found that The Acrobats was being well displayed at last. There's a huge pile of remaindered copies at Classic's Little Books Inc. on St. Catherine Street and they're going slowly, marked down to ninety-eight cents each. ★

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✓Teach children respect

✓Rich teachers poor?

If it is fair to say that Canada's teachers are "in the chips" (Background, Dec 21) because they make more money than municipal government workers and business employees, it is also fair to say that Canada's unemployed are fabulously wealthy because their weekly income from unemployment insurance is more than the $1.56 which the Pakistani worker brings home. If you handed in an assignment like that in my class, I would transfer you to a class for those with retarded logic. — EMERSON LAVENDER, BURLINGTON, ONT.

Chiropody by license only

An article on modern shoes appeared in the issue of Maclean's for December 7th wherein you quote the professional opinion of one D. Waslow.

I would like to point out that this person is not registered with our board and we have no knowledge of him whatsoever.

Chiropodists who wish to practice in Ontario or other provinces of Canada have to be registered with their respective boards and obtain a license to do so.—MARTIN L. COLE, F.A.A.C., SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS, CHIROPODY ACT.

Your gun, m'lord

Baxter in his bi-weekly letter says the sons of the great houses of England did not wait for conscription in the First World War and seems to account it as a great virtue. But come to think of it why should they? After all they and their caste owned Britain and everything and everybody in it to fully 90%—they could not expect the submerged poverty-stricken masses to lead the way, could they? Personally I waited until I was called and have no apologies or regrets.—JOHN LEWIS, MONTREAL.

No deals with Red wolves?

Re your Dec 21 editorial, NATO Can't Frighten Khrushchev So Let's Decide on Our Compromises: for years now the West has regarded the Communist bloc the way a lonely trapper regards a ravenous pack of wolves. Since no one negotiates with a wolf pack I am wondering whether you think our trapper has been mistaken about the nature of the beasts on his trail? Or do you simply think that his straits are so desperate that he must decide to toss a couple of dogs to the wolves? Maclean's doesn't spell phonetically. For negotiation try your typewriter on A P P E A S E M E N T.—HUGH MYERS, IRMA, ALTA.

Commandments critic confused?

It seems to me that Brock Chisholm is back on the "Old Chisholm Trail" of confusion in his article The Pitfalls of the Ten Commandments (Dec 21). In my estimation he contradicts himself. He states that the character of an adult depends upon what he has been taught as a child. Now an adult must have respect for authority and therefore it would seem to follow logically that a child must be taught that very lesson, namely to respect authority.—JOHN T. EADY, NAPELLA, SASK.

✓ Who so ill qualified to write about the Ten Commandments as Brock Chisholm—one who denies morality, who advocates birth control and the adoption of colored children in preference to one's own; and thinks that the ideals of communism can't be improved upon; who rejects Christianity in favor of science; who believes that mental hygiene is the means to remodel mankind; who holds the view that anyone who objects to the "benefits" conferred by citizenship in the proposed World Order is quite definitely *non compos mentis*. Brock Chisholm is a definite menace to Canada.—C. M. CADWALLADER, VICTORIA.

Spirit of Canada in cross cover?

Maclean's of December 21 has the most eloquent cover I have ever seen on a magazine (I speak as an inveterate magazine reader). Duncan Macpherson has masterfully woven together the basic ingredients of art: truth, beauty, goodness. In this single painting we have the spirit of Canada. — DOUGLAS ROCHE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Are Canadians second-class workers?

I am writing on behalf of myself and the other Canadians helping to operate the Canadian section of the Dewline. We wish to draw attention to an article currently appearing in an American magazine which states that "the Liberal government at C. D. Howe's direction insisted that Canadians working on the Dewline be paid 20% less than their American co-workers." In view of the fact that we Canadians do the same work as the Americans, we wish to know:

(a) Why should we be penalized for being Canadians?

(b) Was the Liberal government expressing the opinion of the Canadian people when it clearly implied "a Canadian worker is worth less than an American worker"?

We Canadians on the Dewline are eagerly awaiting the views of your readers pertaining to the inferiority of the Canadian worker.—H. A., EDMONTON ★

The day the Iroquois flew

continued from page 13

"There's the light! We can go!" called the pilot. Crews hustled, engineers stepped back. Take off . . .

carry a single bomb that had more explosive power than all the bombs dropped by all the combatants in World War II, and SAC made certain that this information was general knowledge. Of its insignia, a mailed glove holding lightning and an olive branch, its former chief once said, "You takes your pick."

The USAF pilots training at Wichita were under a strain not only because they were aware they might be required to push a bomb-release button some day, but because the course was ruthlessly tough and many of the students were high-ranking officers past youth who had known their own commands. Much dignity was lost. "I saw a major with eighteen years of flying experience being chewed out by a kid," Cooper Slipper reported one morning. Hobbs pointed, "Look over there, a lieutenant-colonel is getting it."

The refuge was humor in the cocktail-lounge environment of the officers' club. They swapped shop talk. Korean veterans spoke of jet-fighter dogfights with the Russian MIGs, considered by most pilots to be the last dogfights war will know because modern fighters are so fast no flier will see his enemy. They discovered that Cooper Slipper, thirty-seven, a mild green-eyed man, had fought Germans in the Battle of Britain, in which he won a Distinguished Flying Cross, and Japanese over Singapore, where he was briefly captured in a jungle and escaped by Chinese river boat to India.

Cooper Slipper, now a Canadian citizen, received his DFC for ramming a German bomber. The impact sent both planes screaming down in flames and Cooper Slipper recovered consciousness hanging from his parachute with some of his fingernails ripped away.

"Why did you ram it?" someone asked.

"I was out of ammunition."

"I said, why did you ram it?"

Cooper Slipper considered. "Everyone was doing that sort of thing at the time. It seemed well stylish."

"*C'est la* cotton-pickin' *guerre*," nodded a southerner. "I remember one time I was taking off and I looked below and saw this buddy who was right behind me go crashing into the end of the runway. The student says to me, 'What'll I do?' and I said, 'Be quiet, I'm thinking.'"

There was an uproarious laugh in which the pilots' wives shared only thinly. "Well, there were flames everywhere so I figured he had bought the farm. A few days later I saw him again. 'Not you,' I said. 'Sure,' he says. 'That fighter isn't much of an aircraft but they sure build the cockpit strong!'" The men around the table laughed again but the women were quiet.

The B-47 bred its own jokes. "If an engine starts to burn," an instructor said one day, "let it burn. No sweat. You've got five more."

Noticing trouble with an engine during a flight another instructor ordered his student, "Shut down four." "Sure," replied the student cheerfully. "Which four?"

"No sweat," recalled Hobbs lightly, as he surveyed the B-47 waiting for him at Malton a year later. "If we lose an engine, Mike, we've got six more." Cooper Slipper smiled without mirth and Hobbs squinted in the direction of the control tower. Hobbs, thirty-seven, is the father of four small girls. English born, he spent most of the war impatiently instructing in Canada and later saw action over Sumatra and Malaya. He looked away from the tower and looked back again hastily. "Mike, there's the light! We can go!"

Where there had been apathy, there now was hustling, ordered confusion. Ground crews pulled the covers off the six slender engines and engineers stepped away from the humping hulk of the Iroquois. McLachlan, the Scottish-born flight engineer, climbed the ladder into the plane first, edging along the narrow aisle to the nose of the B-47 where he sat almost in darkness, except for three small portholes almost above him. "The mole-hole," crews call the engineer's cockpit. He checked over again the extra instru-

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MOLSON'S CROWN & ANCHOR LAGER BEER

We asked…

"Would you approve of a woman serving as prime minister of Canada?"

They answered…

Byrne Hope Sanders, vice-president, Gruneau Research Ltd.—"I most certainly do! My conviction is based on the obvious fact that before a woman could have the chance to be PM she would have had to possess unique qualities. None of the traditional fears of ineffectiveness applied to women would exist. Thus established, with a majority of Canadian MPs at her side and Canada's sound bureaucracy behind her, she would stand in her sphere as the Queen does in hers—a skillful, experienced, perhaps brilliant leader."

Dr. Malcolm Ross, head of the English Department, Queen's University—"We are a prudent people. We watch and wait. It would be against the grain of our character and our tradition to elect a woman as prime minister now. But our day will come—when there is a woman in the White House, a woman in the Vatican, and a woman in centre field for the New York Yankees."

Anne Francis, journalist—"Why not? I have no prejudice against people on grounds of race, religion or sex. For example I have no prejudice against the Queen. I would not vote for a woman who ran for PM unless she were better qualified than the other candidates in the field. I don't approve of voting for people just because they are women any more than I approve of voting *against* them just because they are women. At the moment I can't think of any female who has the necessary political experience (although many women are quite good at baby kissing), the Amazonian physique, the tact and charm required to keep all these men in the House of Commons in order. When such a woman does run for office I will be out there shouting for her in my high squeaky voice because, no doubt, I'll be a very, very old person by then."

Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay $5 for each question accepted.

ments that would give him read-outs on the behavior of the Iroquois. Many of the readings would be done automatically, recorded on film and tape. Central Records Room, near the ponderous earth-bound test cells, would also be receiving information which would be fed into an electronic computer, assayed and typed into a full report before the aircraft landed. Aero-dynamicists have developed a cavalier attitude toward the importance of human judgment. "The pilot is still useful," one of Orenda's engineers explained haughtily. "For example, our instruments don't tell us if the engine gets wet. A pilot can report back if it is raining."

The pilots at this point were climbing into the B-47. The pre-flight check of two hundred bits of equipment and instruments, which takes better than two hours, had been completed long before but some final calculations and checks had to be made. They fastened their parachute harnesses, strapped in the confines of a cockpit so narrow that they sit one behind the other. They plugged in the cord for the wireless setting gold plastic helmets on their heads. The earphones are in the helmet and the speaker in the mouthpiece of the oxygen mask. They connected their oxygen outlets but let the rubber-smelling masks hang free.

Cooper-Slipper was rechecking his fuel. He had started with thirty-six thousand pounds of good grade kerosene, which jet engines burn. Pounds are used as a fuel measure rather than gallons, because they are more reliable. A gallon of kerosene weighs about seven and a half pounds.

The Iroquois engine had been run two days before for a few minutes to determine whether the oil leak was still present—it was—and in the process about four hundred pounds of fuel were used. It would take twenty-five hundred pounds of fuel to start the six regular B-47 engines and taxi the aircraft to the runway and another six hundred pounds to get the plane into the air. The Iroquois at idling speed would need about forty-five hundred pounds of fuel an hour, better than six hundred gallons. Take-off speed, Cooper-Slipper computed, would be a hundred and thirty-three knots. The plane began to move.

"Do you smell fuel?" Cooper-Slipper asked Hobbs over the intercom. Hobbs sniffed the fumes of kerosene seeping into the cockpits, made a decision that it was unimportant and said firmly, "No."

"We're off then," said Cooper-Slipper. Lumbering with a sense of protest the heavy plane lurched along the runway, pivoted clumsily and paused, waiting for clearance from the tower to take off. The six engines fouled the air behind with towering black smoke. Charles Grinyer, engineering vice-president of Orenda who all but broke his health on the Iroquois project, was startled the first time he saw the B-47 rolling by. For a moment he thought it was on fire. Its capacity to create more smoke than a coal-run locomotive is not considered the B-47's proudest achievement.

Burt Avery, at thirty-five a deputy chief engineer and one of Iroquois' principal designers, stepped out of his office to watch the B-47. Designing jet engines is a young industry, only fourteen years old, so Avery's youth is not considered extraordinary at Orenda. With Harry Keast, the chief engineer, he had been present at the moment the Iroquois ran for the first time in a test cell and both men considered this the most exultant few minutes of the entire project.

When the first engine was put into a test cell several years ago Charles Grinyer was there along with Keast and the youthful, intense, Polish-born Alex Murasew, now a deputy chief engineer. They worked through the day preparing for the first start, stayed at the factory into the night. Around two or three in the morning they started the starting motor to spin the Iroquois compression blades. The Iroquois ran, with flames pouring through its turbine, but quit when the starting motor quit. The men went home too disturbed to speak much and returned the next day.

Grinyer had to catch a plane to Ottawa. He waited as long as he could and then, throwing a few agonized suggestions over his shoulder, hurriedly left for the airport. A few minutes later the Iroquois ran by itself, without the support of the starting motor, and sucked a snowstorm of insulation material out of the walls of the cell. The engineers hugged one another and got the message to Grinyer just before he climbed in his plane. He reported later he grinned all the way to Ottawa.

"That was the best moment, the first time it goes," recalls Keast. "The best moment."

Avery agreed, but on the momentous day of the flight test he watched the B-47 just the same. Earlier in the test program an Iroquois had partially exploded in a test cell, spraying shrapnel-like pieces of metal all over the room, which provident-fully now is sheathed in steel. This had happened more than once during tests and, in a sense, was to be expected. He was as certain as an engineer can be that the Iroquois in the B-47 would not explode but he nevertheless was uneasy.

"What's there to worry about?" Hobbs had said on this point the day before. "The worst thing that can happen is an explosion that blows off the tail. Right? Well, we've got ejection seats and we'll have plenty of altitude. Just a bit chilly on the way down, that's all."

The plane left the ground at five minutes after twelve, climbing eastward over Toronto. Christopher Cooper-Slipper, eleven-year-old son of the pilot, looked up on his way home from school and recognized the B-47. When he saw his mother a few minutes later he wore a look of delight and thumbed in the direction of the sky. She knew, with a sinking heart, what he meant. Though her husband has been a pilot for all the sixteen years of their marriage, this was the first time she had been afraid. The night before she had cried.

"What's wrong?" Mike had asked.

Her sobs increased. "What do you think?" she wailed. Len Hobbs' wife felt equal dread. "I hate that plane," she had said on the phone to Rita Cooper-Slipper that day. "I wish they could test that engine on the ground."

In a small control tower on the roof of a building of Avro Aircraft, a sister company to Orenda, an operator was informing the B-47 that a toy-appearing CF-100 was following as a chase plane to observe it through the test.

"Reg is up here right behind you," said the operator, referring to Reg Kersey, an RCAF acceptance pilot who tests CF-100s off the A. V. Roe assembly line.

"Hi, Reg," said Cooper-Slipper amiably.

"Do you mind if I tag along?" asked Kersey politely. "I'll stay wide of you."

"Appreciate having you along," replied Cooper-Slipper formally.

A moment later he reported casually, "I had a momentary fire warning on Number Three just at take-off but it's all right now."

"Both Three and Four looked hot on take-off," the operator in a mobile radio truck announced. There was no reply.

In the dim nose of the plane, McLachlan was scribbling reports, his eyes flying over the confusion of dials and indicators. Hobbs was fingering the red lonely throttle of the Iroquois, located near the cozy row of six throttles for the other six engines. Cooper-Slipper watched the sky, keeping away from cloud as test-flying regulations demand. At his signal Hobbs moved the switch that opened the superbly machined round door covering the opening of the Iroquois. Air rushing through the engine started the hundreds of compressor blades spinning. The process is called windmilling; the Iroquois cannot be started by itself; it requires either a portable ground starting motor or fast-flowing air.

"I'm going to level off at fourteen thousand, increase the speed to three-ten (three hundred and ten knots) and try to light," Cooper-Slipper announced to the control tower.

McLachlan frowned, watching the indicators. "It won't light. We need twenty-five to light," he complained. Flying crews always speak of "lighting" a jet machine, rather than starting it. When McLachlan spoke of "twenty-five" he was reminding Cooper-Slipper of the estimate of engineers that the Iroquois wouldn't start until the rushing air windmilled its blades at twenty-five percent of their potential revolutions per minute.

"It'll light," said Cooper-Slipper, grimly edging the speed of the flying test bed up to three hundred and twenty knots.

At eighteen minutes past twelve he advised the tower, "We're setting up now. Getting ready for a light."

"Mike," protested McLachlan, "it won't light. We're only getting eighteen point-eight!"

"Listen to the misery," chided Cooper-Slipper fondly. "Light it, Leonie." He inched the throttles open and the speed indicator read three hundred and twenty-eight knots.

Hobbs pushed the red button and pulled the red throttle. All three watched the instrument panels, and the moment hung. On the third time Hobbs tried it all the indicators jumped. A shout tinged with awe filled the aircraft. There was no sound from the giant on the tail and no sensation at all. Cooper-Slipper moved the other six throttles back imperceptibly so the forward speed of the plane was unchanged. The ungainly B-47 glided silently through space on seven engines. As with all jet aircraft the only noise was the wind whistling over the canopy.

McLachlan, feeling an elation that brought him close to tears, made rapid notes and kept watch on temperature indicators. If the Iroquois registered too much heat, he had a switch to shut it down immediately. Both pilots have such switches as well and jovially call them panic buttons.

"Don't get too close"

At twenty-seven minutes after twelve Cooper-Slipper laconically announced, "Okay, Reg. We're lit."

The small audience in the control tower tensed. "I don't see a thing," Kersey reported, sounding disappointed. Listening in the tower, the flight test supervisor Jack Jones mopped his forehead and muttered, "You're not *supposed* to see anything."

Six minutes later Cooper-Slipper announced, "I'm throttling back now, Reg, to descend and shut it down during the descent." This was a precaution agreed upon before the flight to ensure that loose oil from the oil leak would circulate all through the down-tipped engine instead of collecting in a highly inflammable puddle. In the tower Jones said abruptly, "Tell Reg to drop back and see if there is any flame in the back. Tell him not to go too close."

Kersey received this and a moment later reported, "I'm seventy-five yards behind you and I can't see a thing. It's all dark."

With heartfelt emphasis that made the control tower operator grin Cooper-Slipper replied, "Thank you very much." Only half an hour had elapsed from the time of take-off; it seemed much longer.

All three said afterward that they had not been afraid and it seems likely, in view of the harassing detail of their responsibilities, that this might have been true.

It had occurred to the ground crew to study the emergency procedure manual only that morning when the chief complained that he hadn't been informed where in the fuselage it was safe to sink a rescuing axe "in case you fellows pack up." The B-47 leaves nothing to chance; there is a thick text for ground crews in such an emergency. Hobbs and Cooper-Slipper, thus reminded, opened their own manuals.

"I love this, Mike," observed Hobbs easily. "Everything ends with 'abandon aircraft and assemble upwind.'"

"Wonder what it says if we have to ditch in Lake Ontario," murmured Cooper-Slipper. "Probably 'abandon aircraft and assemble upstream.'"

Both men are on friendly terms with fear and have made the valuable discovery that panic doesn't congeal their reflexes. Cooper-Slipper found in the Battle of Britain that terrible danger turned everything around him into slow motion; the enemy on his tail flew sluggishly and lazy-moving bullets gave him an infinity of time to think. In a slit trench in Singapore he got a good look at courage, watching a handful of survivors of a Highland regiment lacerated by Japanese machine-gun fire rise and march in formal parade order across a causeway through cross fire that missed every man.

Hobbs had been terrified only once, on his first mission, a ground-strafing one over a Sumatra airfield. The RAF plane in front of him suddenly turned into a bonfire and plunged down. He was next through a tiny cascade of tracer bullets. The thought of death, which had never occurred to him before, turned his bones to water. He continued steadily on, through the tracers. He later recalled an air force saying: "Flying is sheer boredom punctuated by moments of stark terror."

Both men are among some thirty test pilots who make a high-salaried living in Canada's young aircraft industry. Most of them are production-line test pilots, checking new aircraft off assembly lines. Only a few are experimental test pilots. All are meticulous, controlled men with watchful eyes and the faculty for patience. The noble test pilot Clark Gable used to portray, a jaunty rake in a leather jacket, goggles and a scarf fluttering from his throat, either was killed twenty years ago or left flying through sheer unemployment. Modern test pilots often call

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brain into the sky an aircraft worth more in dollars than many a small town. Their chief value to their employers is in keeping the risk factor at a calculated minimum.

Insurance companies don't agree with the pilots, who like to protest that their occupation is safer than driving a bus. Premiums on twenty thousand dollars' worth of insurance are more than fifteen hundred dollars a year and few companies will accept the risk. The aircraft and engine companies pay pilots' coverage.

Rather weirdly, pilots describe other pilots who have died in accidents as having killed themselves. "He killed himself in a CF-100," a test pilot will remark idly. "The thing caught fire and the ejection seat jammed. Just wasn't his day." Some people suspect that the expression is meant to convey that death by flying isn't involuntary; pilots are reluctant to admit they have lost any measure of control over their own destiny. As a protective device, however, they rarely make a close friend of another pilot.

As they turned the B-47 back to Malton, Cooper-Slipper and Hobbs were aware that the passenger on the tail had just taken a giant step closer to making them obsolete. The Iroquois can provide more power than any present airplane can use without melting. (It is normal for modern engines to have outstripped planes; even the outmoded B-47 has never been able to use the full power of its engines.) An Arrow will not dare use all the speed that its two Iroquois could provide. At twice the speed of sound, which is well under the Iroquois capabilities, air friction raises the temperature of the plane's outside skin to better than 250 degrees F. At three times the speed of sound the outside temperature goes to 600 F. Refrigeration equipment to keep the pilot from cooking is bulky. Manufacturers all over the world are balancing costs. Is it cheaper to keep the man in the plane and spend a fortune on machinery to keep him alive or is it cheaper to put in a robot pilot and risk losing the aircraft?

"An automatic pilot is a moron," Bert Avery, one of Iroquois designers, once commented. "We have to decide how much is the human ability to make a decision worth?"

Many experts feel that military aviation has reached its final manned stage, that such engines as the Iroquois will never reach their highest potential with a living hand on the throttle. The Arrow, the fighter-interceptor for which the Iroquois was designed, may be among the last of the manned fighters.

Symptoms of the brink flying now teeters on appear daily in newspapers. A U.S. Navy fighter diving at about eight hundred and eighty miles an hour overtook its own cannon shells and shot itself down. Jet pilots flying toward one another and a mile apart would not have time for the signal of danger to reach their brains before the collision occurred. The fire control of modern fighters is steadily becoming more complicated because pilots will never see the enemy, only an after-image that is approximately eighty-eight feet behind the real plane. Fighters such as recent versions of the CF-100 are mainly portable launching platforms for air-to-air missiles.

"The speed of aircraft has almost exceeded the capability of the human to react quickly enough to carry out necessary motions," the former chief of air staff, Air Marshal Roy Slemon, said a year ago. "It is necessary for the air force to get into automation."

Said Nikita Khrushchev a few months ago: "We are standing at this moment at a turning point regarding the use of airplanes in a future war. They are in decline."

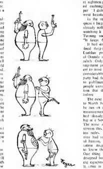
Even the greatest supporters believe the manned aircraft faces extinction. Many estimates give it less than eight years' existence and the most optimistic figure no more than twenty years.

"We are not yet obsolete," Cooper-Slipper once observed somberly, "only obsolescent."

Preparing to land the B-47, Cooper-Slipper was receiving orders from Malton tower, which referred to his aircraft variously as "X Zero Five Nine," its serial number, and "Baker Forty-Seven."

"Are we going to stream the approach chute?" asked Hobbs.

The B-47 is equipped with two parachutes to slow its landing speed, which would otherwise threaten to take the plane off the end of a two-mile runway. One, an approach chute, can be streamed on approach and the other, a brake chute, on landing. When the B-47 landed in Cartierville, near Montreal, for its installation work at Canadair, the tower was deluged with more than a hundred calls wildly warning that the plane about to land had a man with a parachute clinging to its tail.



MACLEAN'S

With his eye on the airliner drifting on his left, Cooper-Slipper replied to Hobbs, "No, I don't think we'll need the approach chute."

Hobbs sighed softly. "Oh dear," he said peculiarly, almost to himself, "it looks so lovely."

Cooper-Slipper grinned and began, as is his custom, talking his plane into landing with a mixture of endearments and blue profanity. As the big plane hovered over the landing strip for a thousand feet and then a few hundred more, he coaxed and swore steadily. It touched down at two minutes after one, rolling a distance, and then blossomed a brake chute from its tail.

In the Avro tower the operator switched on a radio and heard a news commentator say, "It is clear that the Russians do not visualize a short war." He turned it off hastily. The bomber had turned with the whiteness of the parachute billowing behind and was taxiing toward Avro. It moved rather gaily and the down-sloping wings were preening.

"You're a good bitch," Cooper-Slipper was crooning ecstatically.

As the crew climbed out stiffly, with the bone weariness that even unsupported tension leaves behind, the ground crew and some engineers clustered around.

"She wouldn't start for about four seconds," Hobbs began explaining to Jack Jones, "and then she went as smooth as a bird."

"It's probably the easiest test flight we'll ever have," agreed Cooper-Slipper, lighting his cigarette with a steady hand.

McLachlan, the sleepy-faced, sad-eyed flight engineer, looked jubilant. "It hit eighteen-point-eight power," he reported, exchanging a look with Cooper-Slipper. "I didn't think it would. Everything went beautifully."

In the still warm tailpipe of the Iroquois a large black velvet pool of oil had already collected. The faces of the men watching it were carefully expressionless. Turning away, Jones observed lightly, "It keeps down squeaks."

It had started to spit rain. In his subdued, deep-rugged office Walter R. McLachlan, president and general manager of Orenda, surveyed news of the test with relish. Only he knew the temper of an impatient government, but it was apparent to most observers that there had been considerable waspish comment. The company had decided it was more politic not to publicize the first flight; too many people were under the happy misconception that the Iroquois had flown long before.

The next step would be to fly the B-47 to North Bay, where the Iroquois could be run on an open runway to get exact measurements of its staggering sound. It had already been run with a muffler rig on a boxcar on a runway at Malton. The noise, a roar with a high penetrating scream threaded through, could be heard for miles. Observers in the immediate area had reported after-effects: dullness of hearing, nausea, over-all aching sensation, deep exhaustion. Orenda needed to know the dimension of its problem. One thing was certain: the engine was designed for war and no sound-smothering equipment would ever be built into it since its efficiency would then be cut down.

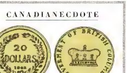
The engine still has even greater problems than these. It needs markets. With emphasis switched from planes to guided missiles, the demand for a hand-operated plane is diminishing. At the time the Iroquois flew, the Royal Canadian Air Force had ordered a few of them but recently had been demonstrating a facility for canceling orders. If any powerful airplane engine was going to be saleable, Iroquois had a good chance. The best-known production engine in the United States now is the J75, which weighs nearly three tons. The Iroquois, which potentially is twice as powerful as the J75, weighs little over two tons. Success in the aircraft-engine business is based on the best combination of lightness and performance. Walter McLachlan glared at the misting rain outside his window and wondered as he had many times before what would become of the Iroquois.

Burt Avery, of the engineering team that designed the engine, who had also been told that the B-47 was safely down, was wondering the same thing. With him that day were some men from Curtiss-Wright Corporation, a colossus that builds airplane engines in the United States and had cut its development budget in half and gained a year on its two nearest competitors by obtaining the rights to manufacture and sell the Iroquois in the U.S. They wanted to know, among other details, when the Iroquois would be in production. No one will say officially but educated guesses place it about autumn 1958.

Harry Keast, true to his earlier observation that the best moment had been when the engine was first lit in the test cell, had gone casually off for lunch. Charles Grinyer, attempting to repair his health, was south on a vacation. Alex Mmasrew waited restlessly in his office for the crew. When they arrived, still in their flying clothes, there was a moment when no one said anything. They just stood smiling blissfully at one another.

Leaning on the framework of the doorway, the flight test supervisor, Jack Jones, remarked idly, "I just happened to think of a line from a song." He paused. "It goes, I think, 'We'll just lie down and bleed awhile and then we'll get up and fight again.'" He looked around at the faces measuring this. "Pretty good, eh?" he asked gently. ★

CANADIANECDOTE



This $20 coin was superb art—but it took $28 worth of gold to cast it

The mystery of the overweight B.C. coins in the King of Egypt's coffers

During the great British Columbia gold rush Sir James Douglas, who was more or less the official government of the colony, decided to strike Canada's first gold coins. They were to be in denominations of ten and twenty dollars. He sent down to San Francisco and had dies prepared by a Bavarian cameo cutter named Kunz, who was a wonderful artist but apparently had no head for mathematics. Kunz cut the dies much too large. As a result it took almost twenty-eight dollars' worth of gold to strike the twenty-dollar coin and the ten-dollar coin required almost fourteen dollars' worth of gold.

The placer miners soon discovered this error and in fact as the coins appeared they were melted down and sold back to the government. When Sir James sent two specimens to the Colonial Office in London the reply reminded him that issuing of gold coins was a privilege reserved for the sovereign. Douglas was ordered to stop minting them and very few survived the remelting when they were taken out of circulation.

The late Sir Edmund Walker, who purchased one in London fifty years ago, prepared a report. He was satisfied that no more than four of the twenty-dollar coins and six of the ten-dollar coins had survived. Furthermore, the dies they were struck from had disappeared—when the B.C. Mint was moved to Victoria many years ago, they could not be found. It was presumed they had either been destroyed or stolen.

This closed the file on the overweight gold pieces until a few years ago when the effects of former King Farouk of Egypt were being auctioned off. Among his rare coins there were found six or eight specimens of the B.C. gold piece. An examination suggested they had not been struck from British Columbia gold, but there was no question about the dies. The Farouk coins had been struck from the original Kunz dies.

A Vancouver newspaper raised the question: could the supposedly destroyed dies be in Europe? The B.C. archivist replied that the idea was sheer nonsense. He claimed the dies had never been stolen and said he knew exactly where they were. The newspaper challenged him to produce them. Under heavy pressure he finally admitted that he was unable to do so. No more is known about where and when the Farouk coins were cast. — PAUL MONTGOMERY

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Parade

What the kids are doing at Atikokan

A big problem facing the Western world [illegible] program to [illegible] the lead in scientific development [illegible] know [illegible] group [illegible] at Atikokan [illegible] her [illegible] first [illegible]

RECENT PROJECTS
1 Make [illegible]
2 Make [illegible] ware
3 Make [illegible]
4 Make [illegible]
5 Make money

* * *

[illegible] a shop in Hillsborough, N.B., was given his first week's pay and asked to sign the payroll. When he [illegible] that he couldn't write, the clerk handed over his pen anyway and told the employee just to make his mark. The man did and handed back the pen with an approving nod. "That's a good writing pen you've got there," he declared.

* * *

When a firm in suburban Montreal recently instituted compulsory retirement at sixty five there was a big send-off party for those loyal workers who had already passed the mark, but a few of them drew [illegible] old age pensions. They were wined [illegible] with [illegible]

ONE OF LIFE'S GREATEST JOYS IS TO SHUT OFF THE ALARM AND GO BACK TO SLEEP!

* * *

A pretty Regina [illegible] was hurrying down the street [illegible] on a wintry morning, when [illegible] of [illegible] behind her made her stick her nose in the air. She wasn't going to be picked up by any fresh college boy in a jalopy. And when the horn honked again she just looked straight ahead and walked faster. Not fast enough though, for with [illegible] the jalopy pulled up and blocked her path while the driver hollered in a pained voice, "Lady, would you please get off the sidewalk so I can plow the snow?"

* * *

Guests at a quiet little party in [illegible] were treated to a sensational new drink the other evening. The hostess had no sooner passed the tray of cocktail glasses when one set of eyebrows after [illegible]

[illegible] next week's [illegible]

* * *

Self-explanatory For Sale [illegible] the Victoria Colonist:

> Skiing—complete outfit in [illegible]. Suitable for man six feet [illegible]. Includes steel-edged Norwegian [illegible] cable bindings, aluminum poles, [illegible] two pairs of pants, mitts, etc. [illegible] sale the whole lot $40 or closest [illegible]. Owner taking up baby sitting.

* * *

The most embarrassed husband in Ottawa on a recent week end was the [illegible] fellow who hustled into a supermarket toting a huge load of groceries bought earlier the same day. "Sorry," he apologized to the cashier. "Seems I used last week's shopping list."

* * *

You certainly see bargains in the want ad columns of the Calgary Herald that you'll never see anywhere else. Mixed among the 53 convertibles and the 11 trucks in one ad the other day was listed "46 Sp tank $50." The other included four new tires and a new battery, too.

* * *

Sign over the hamburger counter [illegible] Hamilton butcher shop: "Here's how ground chow."

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